THE
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WANTED—700 SUBMARINES

CLIFFORD K. STOKES

WHY have we failed to equip our Navy with enough of these efficient and economical 20th Century weapons?

England has for centuries owed the security of her national existence to her control of the seas—and England has stopped building battleships and is building under-sea boats and merchant vessels by the hundreds. It is epochal. Britain, who for the sake of her very life has long been forced to maintain naval supremacy, has at last found that in order to continue mistress of the seas she must abandon plans for super-dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers and devote herself exclusively to commerce carriers and submarines.

France has done the same. Russia likewise. And authentic reports from Germany say her U-Boat fleet is not under 1,000. All the belligerents have had the lesson driven home to them: *an inexpensive submarine, manned by a crew of but 25, can send the costliest battleship to the bottom in two minutes—with its entire complement of 1,500 men.*

England's problem, however, is not our own. There exists merely a certain similaritude between the two cases. For we have three miles of seacoast to her one, and our lack of colonies allows us a naval concentration of which she is incapable.

The problems with us are not what to do and how to do it, but how speedily and how efficiently and how economically we can do it. Clearly, the continued construction of super-

dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers is neither the speediest nor the efficientest nor the most economical way. Up to a certain limit, these huge floating fortresses (a single one of them requires three years to build and houses a power plant greater than that which drives all of New York's subways) are a good investment for Uncle Sam. But we have more than reached that point. If the big Naval Bill is ever completed, we will be prodigally supplied with these Goliaths of the seas. But this modern David, this youth with the might of navies, the submarine—that is what we want.

A dreadnought requires three years to build. A submarine, on the other hand, can be turned out in four or five months. Moreover, a dreadnought costs about $19,000,000 and a battle-cruiser $22,000,000, whereas from 15 to 25 submarines can be constructed for those figures, according to their size and power. And one submarine carries in itself the destruction of a dozen of the most costly men-of-war. A single modern under-sea boat could send to the bottom in twenty minutes $200,000,000 worth of *Invincibles* and *Invulnerables*.

It is a well-known fact that many of our ships are still under-manned. Some of them are even temporarily out of the service because crews for them have not been yet obtained. The trouble is that these huge vessels of modern navies require whole communities to operate them. Nearly all battleships man the best part of a thousand men apiece, and the latest super-dreadnought and battle-cruisers man a thousand and a half.

Think of it! Fifteen hundred men on board a single ship that cost $22,000,000 and required three years to build—and the ship torpedoed and sunk in two minutes by a tiny torpedo from a submarine with a crew of only 25 men, that costs but from $600,000 to $1,600,000, and requires less than four months from the day the keel is laid to the day she hits the water. There is economy for you—economy of time, of material, and of men.

WAR TEACHES QUICKLY

For years America had cried *Preparedness*. East and

West had outdone each other in championing it. The press had fairly seethed with it. We had heard talk of increasing the Army, of expanding the Navy, of universal training, and so forth and so on—until we no longer knew where we stood or for what we stood. Everybody seemed to want something different!

Meanwhile the Middle-West had refused utterly to join the discussion. It was busy raising crops and selling them to the Allies, and wasn't interested. Eastern and Western congressmen warned and threatened, but they might as well have talked to hills of beans.

Then something changed the whole situation. The European War came.

Everybody knows what happened next. Things snapped shut like a steel trap. Stock exchanges closed. Ship sailings were cancelled. Cotton became a drug on the market. Wheat couldn't find a buyer. Ruin stared farmers and middlemen and dealers in the face. What was the reason? The sea lanes were closed!

Then something else happened. The Middle-West began shouting *Preparedness*. They literally howled for it. They had been made aware at last what sea-power meant. They wanted a merchant marine to carry their crops across the Atlantic and Pacific. They wanted a Navy, to see that their crops got safely to their destination. And they wanted these things right away. They were in a terrible hurry. They were losing as much money each twenty-four hours by embargo as England and France were spending to wage the War.

Suddenly something still stranger happened. Stock exchanges opened again. Ship sailings were resumed. Cotton soared. Wheat skyrocketed. Prosperity fairly burst upon farmers and middlemen and dealers, dispelling all thought of ruin. What was the reason? The sea lanes were open!

Sea-power—that is the magic word which boomed American industry, American agriculture, American commerce, and sent pouring into the country a flood of gold. A great Navy was patrolling the lanes of the seas, keeping sub-

marines and commerce raiders away. Not *our* Navy—*England's Navy.*

No very flattering thought, is it? But it is something to be exceedingly thankful for!

Yet circumstances are not always going to be such that the British sea-lion will roar for us. No self-respecting citizen would have them so. And there are a lot of self-respecting citizens in our country. Some of them are in Congress. The Middle-West has its quota. So when the Middle-West woke up, Congress woke up—emphatically. *Very emphatically!* It jumped right out of an uneasy sleep and landed on both feet with a billion-dollar thud. Landed with the biggest naval budget the country ever has voted.

This vast sum, when the program is complete (including ten battleships, six battle cruisers, ten scout cruisers, fifty torpedo-boat destroyers, sixty-eight submarines, two gunboats, and twelve auxiliary craft) will have added to our sea strength one hundred and fifty-six vessels, of various types.

Quite an army of ships. Their total displacement is 813,000 tons. Add this to our 1915 naval strength of 436 ships—with a combined displacement of 1,317,000 tons, making 592 ships with a grand displacement of 2,130,000 tons—and it would seem that our sea strength were indeed formidable. But just a moment. The building program authorized by Congress at its last session cannot possibly be completed until 1921, and by that time a heavy normal depreciation will have taken place in our present personnel, even provided there are no battle losses. Moreover, the Atlantic fleet, although unquestionably a first class fighting machine, is seriously hampered by lack of submarines, and other auxiliary vessels—such as provision ships, hospital ships, fuel ships, mine layers, mine sweepers, etc. The Pacific fleet, which consists largely of small cruisers, is hampered even more seriously and could not hold out long against a modern enemy squadron. While the Asiatic fleet, a bric-a-brac shop of obsolete craft of all classes, is not really a fighting machine at all. Unmolested, it serves well its purpose of looking after American interests in the Far East. But an up-to-date hos-

tile destroyer force could sink it like so many cardboard boats upon a dish-pan sea.

Thus it becomes evident that our paper naval strength of 2,130,000 tons must be taken with a pinch of salt. With a whole shaker-full! For not only will its fighting force never, unless we take further steps, be much over half its listed tonnage—or a maximum of 1,065,000 tons—but by the time 1921 comes around it will be found that still further depreciations have taken place.

Assume for the moment, however, that we were really to have 2,130,000 tons of battle fleets four years hence. Where would we be with regard to the other great nations? In 1914, England had a naval displacement of 2,713,756 tons, and Germany one of 1,304,640 tons. What these two powers now have in the way of fighting tonnage, in spite of their losses, would be difficult if not impossible to estimate. And what they will have by 1921, Heaven alone knows—though they have both stopped building battleships, and are confining themselves solely to submarines and armed merchant ships. And the biggest part of the work is—*submarines!*

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

We are at war. Let us get down to dollars and cents. Let us put *Preparedness* on a business basis. What corporation would last a year if it undertook to run its affairs as the United States Government does? Would the Standard Oil Company, The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad System, the Ford Automobile Concern, ever have reared their monuments to modern industrial organization if they had kept books like Uncle Sam? Not much!

Do we want to go right on paying $400,000,000 a year for our Navy? No! Not only do we fail to fall in with the idea from a can-we-afford-it standpoint, but we veto it as a scheme crassly lacking in the qualities of good business. On the other hand, do we want to abandon the idea of adequate defence? By all means, no!

The solution of the problem is—*submarines!* Because

they are economical to build. Because they are economical to operate. Because they are the last note in modern naval efficiency. They have revolutionized warfare.

There should be ten submarine bases on the Atlantic Coast and ten on the Pacific, at strategic points; and each base should have a complement of twenty submarines of various types, including mine-layers. This would make 400. Then, the great fighting ships of our fleets, in conjunction with our Allies, should be backed up by two submarines apiece. This would require another 200, making 600 in all. And lastly a final 100 should be distributed among our outlying possessions, dependencies, and interests—the Philippines, Hawaii, the American West Indies, the Panama Canal. This would make 700.

What are they going to cost us? Well, as the price of submarines runs from $600,000 to $1,600,000 per vessel, according to whether they are of the coast-defence or fleet type, figure it this way: There are three varieties of the coast-defence type, graded by size and speed and torpedo capacity. And we need 400 of these to protect our coasts. Therefore, let us secure 200 of the largest type of this variety, which cost $1,300,000 apiece, and 100 of each of the other two, which cost respectively $800,000 and $600,000—at a total outlay of $400,000,000. Then let the rest of the 700 be of the fleet type, which, with its additional size, speed, torpedo capacity, armament, cruising radius, etc., is ideally adapted for coöperation with our super-dreadnought and battle-cruiser fleets, and for guarding our outlying interests. This type of sub-surface boat costs $1,600,000 per vessel. Thus 300 of them will amount to $480,000,000. Add this to the $400,000,000 which was the cost of the 400 coast-defence vessels, and the grand total becomes $880,000,000.

A lot of money? Yes, but not so much as Congress has saddled us to for naval purposes in the 1916-1918 Naval Bill, not so much as we are likely to pay for aeroplanes within the next year or so, not so much as is spent for alcohol and tobacco every year—and not so much as the stoppage of commerce would amount to in a single month, provided some

unlucky turn in the war should cause a repetition of those unforgotten days of July and August, 1914—with no English fleet to help us.

A lot of money? Yes, but it is a bill you pay and are through with, which can by no means be said of the recent dreadnought building program, as I have already explained. For the point is this: A submarine costs very little beyond the original outlay. The crew is small, the fuel expense is slight, the depreciation is low. At the very maximum, taking all possible expenses into consideration, the future outlay per vessel per annum would not exceed $100,000. Multiply that by 700, the total number of submarines, and the figure is $70,000,000—the total yearly expense our under-sea boat squadrons would possibly be to us. And in all probability the figure could not exceed $50,000,000. On the other hand, take the case of a big-ship program, where the yearly upkeep per vessel is $3,000,000. For a fleet of 100 dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers, the annual drain on our pocketbooks even after the first heavy outlay would be something like $200,000,000. Compare that with the figures above.

Then there is the matter of men. A fleet of 100 battleships of the newest type would require a complement of 1,500 men apiece, or 150,000 men in all. Whereas a fleet of 700 submarines manning a crew of 25 men apiece would require only 17,500 men—or less than an eighth as many. And to carry the comparison one step further, a fleet of 700 up-to-date battleships would cost $14,000,000,000 to build, $1,400,000,000 per annum to keep in commission, and would require a crew of 1,050,000 men!

Mr. Taxpayer, there are the figures. And we are engaged in what will probably be a long war. What are we going to do? Are we going to take steps to get those 700 submarines? Or are we going to go on building terrifically costly super-dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers? Or are we going to do neither the one thing nor the other, but sit tight and await the possibility of disaster?

It is up to you, Mr. Taxpayer.

"IT IS ENOUGH"

ELEANOR PRESTON

IN France one August (nigh three years have gone),
He pored intent upon the map of war,
The General Joffre, whose newly risen star
Had made him France's chosen champion.
He moved the little flags: Louvain, and Lille,
Namur, Dinant, and Mons, Laon, Soissons,
And Rheims (O ravished beauty!), and Chalons;
And rested. What a death-throe did he feel!
"It is enough. Here on the Marne we stand,
Or die." In vain the grey invading flood
Might break upon that rock, nor ever could
Win nearer Paris, long desired land.
O granite will! O graves that paid the price!
O names embalmed in love and sacrifice!

Now breaks the dawn for us. "It is enough."
With patience long, forbearance measureless,
The quiet man who sits in loneliness,
(How does the time prove every man's soul-stuff!)
Kept watch upon each step that led to war,
Conning them over, all our names blood-drenched,
Gulflight and Arabic, torpedo-wrenched,
And Lusitania, that bleeding scar;
And devastated lands; and children drowned;
And ships of mercy sunk; and treaties torn;
And nations starved; and babes untimely born;
And Belgium's blood that clamors from the ground.
"It is enough. Now here we stand or die."
Come, arm us for the battle, Lord Most High!

WHAT OUR MUNITION PLANTS CAN DO

LORING ROPER

NOTE: The author of this article, who writes under a pen name, is one of the few really fitted to discuss this subject, since he is a skilled mechanic, one of the editors of a leading technical publication, and has devoted nearly all of the last two years in traveling about the country and inspecting practically every plant where munitions are made.

DAILY PRODUCTION	
Shells	500,000
Rifles	10,000
Small Cartridges	10,000,000
Machine Guns	500
One-Ton Trucks	5,000
Five-Ton Trucks	500

AS some men have greatness thrust upon them, so has the United States had preparedness thrust upon it during the past three years. Not, perhaps, in the actual building of arms and munitions for ourselves, but in the building and accumulating of the machinery and the men who can handle work of this kind. And this has, even if partially by accident, placed us in a position to supply ourselves with the necessary accoutrements of war at amazingly short notice.

Only those who have been thrown into actual contact with the munition work which has been done can appreciate its extent or the necessity for just the training we have had. And we are doubly fortunate in having had this training in advance rather than after our need for it became urgent. It has been my fortune to visit many of these munition plants during the past two years and to see exactly what troubles they have had, how their troubles have been overcome, and to appreciate their value to us in case of war.

Our widest and best experience has been in the matter of ammunition for field guns. This includes complete shrapnel and high explosive shells, with the brass cases for the

propelling charge and the time and graze or detonating fuses in the nose. These include all sizes from the 3-inch and the famous 75-millimeter shells, up to the 12-inch. The great majority, however, have been of the 3-inch and 4.7-inch sizes, these being mostly in demand for either attack or defense. And these have run into the millions, both in numbers and in dollars, as one of the French rapid-fire 75s can fire twenty of these per minute.

The forging of the shells is no longer a new industry for us, as we now have shops equipped for this work from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river. These are located all the way from Gloucester, Massachusetts, to St. Louis, Missouri, with numerous plants, some small and some of huge proportions, dotting the landscape at Bridgeport, Pittsburg, Youngstown, Cleveland, Moline, and other places. Some of these can turn out forgings for from ten to fifteen thousand shells a day of the 3-inch size, with the larger shells in proportion. These, it must be remembered, are not merely general forging plants which might possibly be used for this work, but are plants which are thoroughly equipped for it and which have had actual experience in turning out shells in large quantities. And this means far more than might appear to those who are not familiar with the difficulties of securing the right equipment of both men and machinery for work of this kind.

Both methods and equipment vary widely in different plants, naturally; these differences being due to the necessity of taking such equipment as could be purchased at the time, as well as to the varying ideas of the men in charge. But they are all capable of turning out shell-forgings in great quantities, which is the vital point.

Shell-turning plants, most of them splendidly equipped and in many cases with special machinery designed and built for this particular work, can be found in nearly every manufacturing city east of the Mississippi! The location of these also extends much further south than we are accustomed to find in manufacturing work of this kind. And even more than the plants themselves, there have been trained many

thousands of men who never before saw the inside of a machine shop.

Farm laborers, barbers, grocery clerks, and others, attracted by the high wages paid, particularly in some localities in the beginning, have learned enough of machine work to do their part of making shells or other munitions, thus enabling a large output to be obtained at short notice. This is doubly important because the supply of trained mechanics was, and is, inadequate to meet the demand. The fact that we have trained thousands of additional workers in this particular line is a more valued item toward real preparedness than might appear on the surface.

Some few plants which made shells on sub-contracts have finished their work and have disposed of the machinery. But the great majority of the plants are still intact, particularly those which are best equipped, and these will be available at a moment's notice for the contracts which are even now being placed. True, a few minor changes may have to be made in some cases to adapt the machines to our type of shell, but the difference is too slight to make this materially delay the output. And when we realize that there are single shell-turning plants with a capacity of ten thousand 3-inch shells per day, plants where a thousand 9-inch shells can be put through every twenty-four hours, we get some idea of the tremendous shell capacity which is now available.

500,000 SHELLS A DAY

To get some definite idea of our shell-making capacity let me take 15 plants in as many cities making 3-inch shells. These range from comparatively small shops using their regular equipment for the most part, and turning out from 400 to 500 shells per day, to the big special shops built for this purpose, with an output of 10,000 finished shells every twenty-four hours. These fifteen shops give a daily total of 75,000 per day, which is easily doubled by the many other shops which do not come within this list.

Taking one shop in the middle west as an example of

what can be done at short notice, we find a special shop, 88 x 128 feet, built in a few weeks and equipped with special machinery, turning out 1,200 to 1,500 8-inch shells per week, or say 250 per working day. These shells weigh 250 pounds in the rough, so that a large amount of metal passes through this small shop every day. Jumping to a larger size, we find two shops in a single city, with a capacity of over 3,000 shells of the 9.2-inch variety per day, and one plant with an output of 500 of the 12-inch shells per day. As these weigh 800 pounds each, this tonnage also counts up into big figures.

But these only refer to the shops which are already equipped for munitions, if indeed not actually at work on them at this time, and not all of them. We have not touched the potential capacity of the 27,000 shops which were inventoried by the committee headed by Howard E. Coffin, not to mention those which even escaped his list. Taking some of the large automobile shops alone, with their experience in immense quantity production, and we can have a tremendous capacity for turning out shells and other materials of war. Considering a 3-inch shell as requiring an hour's work, which is a fair average now that we have learned how, and allowing only 10 per cent of the Ford plant as being available for this work, and we have a shell capacity of 28,000 3-inch shells per day from that one plant.

With this as a basis it is easy to see that if we could utilize other large shops in the same way a daily output of 500,000 shells could be turned, probably far more than would ever be needed. For the estimates of the battles of Verdun and the Somme do not place the shell consumption as over 200,000 per day for each side. This, it must be remembered too, is not a daily occurrence. So that our normal shell capacity, without calling in the automobile and other shops—in other words the output of the shops now engaged in shell work—would keep us supplied with more shells than we could probably use. This leaves our other shops free to build motors, trucks, or whatever they can best handle that will be needed for any military operations.

The drawing or pressing of the brass cases which carry the propelling charge was one of the problems of the earlier days. Not that a few concerns were not already making them, but to turn out the huge quantities necessary to go with the shells required new plants to be established and old ones enlarged to a considerable extent. These are now available for our own use and men are already trained to do the work, this alone being a great saving of time and money. And these men can train as many others as may be necessary.

The making of fuses in great quantities is also a well-established business in several manufacturing centers. These range from Boston and Waltham in the east to Dayton, Cleveland, and Chicago in the west, with various other factories scattered around at convenient points. The same kind of shops make the primers which go in the base of the brass cases and set off the main charge when the gun is fired. The fuses include both the time fuse and the graze or detonating fuse which explodes only on striking some object.

These shops are also well equipped, some with special machinery; and one at least is equipped with the view of making our own type of fuse in case of necessity. To this end they have refused contracts which involved fuses which would not fit on machines adapted for the U. S. fuse, so that they are in a position to begin turning out thousands of our own fuses per day at very short notice. Some machines in some shops would have to be rebuilt to handle our type of fuse, but with the experience we have gained in this line, it would be an easy matter to build newer and simpler machines for this work, and at very short notice.

We have had less experience in making big guns for field artillery, but even here we are fortunate in having plants such as the Bethlehem Steel Company and the Midvale Company, not to mention a few others, who have had the necessary experience. And these entirely aside from our Arsenals at Watervliet and Washington. Smaller field guns are also being made in New England and in Pennsylvania, and this list can be enlarged in short order should it

become necessary to do so. Here again we have the nucleus of much larger organizations which can be built up from the small but well trained skeleton.

THE MACHINE GUN SITUATION

In spite of the controversies which have taken place regarding the relative merits of machine guns of different types, we are in a very fair condition to get all we are likely to need at short notice. It is not so much a question of which particular gun is best as what guns will give good accounts of themselves in emergencies in various kinds of warfare. As one army officer put it, "It is no more a question of whether we shall take Maxims or Lewis guns than it is of whether we shall wear collars or socks. We want them both."

The Colt gun is used to a considerable extent by our Army and these can be turned out in considerable quantities by at least two firms at the present time. One of these is reputed to be turning out 50 per day and the other somewhat less, not a bad total for this one type of gun. The Lewis gun, made by the Savage Arms Company in this country, is being turned out in fair quantities, which can, however, be increased without much delay. Then there is the Maxim and the Benet-Mercier, which was adopted from the French a few years ago and which is being made at Springfield to some extent. Great experience has been gained along all these lines, so that the output can be quickly increased in every factory.

When it comes to rifles the problem is more difficult, and for two reasons. First, the immensely larger number which will be needed; and second, the fact that the rifle has been the greatest stumbling block of all our munition work up to the present. Here again, however, the fact that we have had two years or more experience working at the other fellow's problem will prove of inestimable value. For our experience, even though it includes many exasperating if not humiliating failures, has shown us what to avoid as well as what to do.

8,000 TO 10,000 RIFLES A DAY

At the present time we are turning out comparatively few rifles at our armories, but Springfield is preparing to attain its maximum capacity of 500 per day, single shift. In fact, plans are being carried out to run this plant in three shifts and so treble the output. The plant at Rock Island is again being put into commission and has half the capacity of Springfield. In neither case is it the fault of the officers in charge that the plant is not running to full capacity, but rather the lack of appropriations.

Our private plants, however, which are now working on British, Belgian, and Russian rifles, have a very considerable output for the most part, after many trials and tribulations over the long and unexpected delays. Their two years' experience has put them in position to handle work rapidly and accurately, providing the requirements are at all reasonable instead of being foolishly rigid in non-essential points. They have all had their troubles, they are all behind in deliveries of their guns, but most of them are now making an excellent showing and we can count on an output of from 8,000 to 10,000 rifles a day from these plants after they get to running on the Springfield model. For this is an easier rifle to make than some of those now being built, and still further simplifications will be made. These, added to the Arsenal output, will give us rifles as fast as we can use them in any emergency.

But while we have this manufacturing capacity, and it is ample, especially considering the resources uncovered by the Coffin survey, do not let us overlook the fact that some time must elapse before we can begin the manufacture of rifles outside of the arsenals. For we must build the many special tools and fixtures, as well as gages, before we can begin actual production, and this is an important part of the whole problem.

Even here, however, we are again fortunate, as the experience gained during the past two years has not been confined to making arms and ammunition, but has included this

problem of making special tools, fixtures, and gages for foreign products. Hundreds of small shops have sprung up all over the country where tools are being made, mostly on subcontracts, but this has given the needed experience and has trained thousands of men in this line of work. Many of the small shops have grown into large ones with a great capacity for work of the finer kinds, and these shops will prove of inestimable value in case of war. The experience gained during the past two years in this work will enable them to make all the tools needed with much less delay than would have been possible before.

SELECTING THE RIGHT MEN

Unless one is familiar with the manufacturing of any mechanical product, he cannot begin to realize the difficulties nor appreciate the full meaning of mechanical preparedness. Nor is this lack of appreciation confined to the man on the street. Many of the great financiers have come to a greater appreciation of the mechanical side of manufacturing than ever before, because of bitter experiences as to the time and equipment necessary to manufacture in great quantities. They have found that money is not all powerful, that it requires more than buildings, material, and men, as usually considered. They have learned that it takes a tremendous amount of preparation to train men to perform the necessary operations rapidly and accurately. And, most of all, perhaps, that it takes the right kind of men at the head of the shop organizations; this being one of the points where the bankers missed their calculations the worst.

No munition-making organization was considered complete without an army officer or two on the staff. And unless a munitions contractor could show a colonel or a major, or at least a captain in his organization, he could not hope to secure financial backing. The whole war machine was, in the eyes of the financiers, and perhaps quite naturally, tied up with the Army, and it never occurred to the men of money that the economical manufacture of war supplies was a thing entirely apart from military training. Should there

be any doubts as to this fact, one has but to count up the list of Army officers who resigned their commissions to take charge of munition plants and then count up the number who have made good. The successes can be counted on one hand with several fingers to spare.

This is, however, much less a criticism of Army officers than it may appear and is absolutely impersonal in every way. There is no reason why they should have succeeded in this very difficult undertaking. They are not trained either in mechanical processes or in economical shop management, nor unfortunately in the handling of men who do not have to obey under penalty of the guard house. It is far more a criticism of the bankers themselves, who are very apt to boast of their ability to select the right men for their various enterprises.

Then, too, the element of time plays a great part in preparing for work of this kind, and becomes more vital as the parts are more intricate to make. It takes, for example, a thousand toolmakers a year to make the necessary tools, fixtures, and gages to turn out a thousand rifles a day, not to mention the men who must perform the actual manufacturing operations on the rifles themselves. And though our production of rifles has not been as great as we had hoped or expected, we have learned these fundamental lessons of real preparedness, so that we are in a splendid position to manufacture for ourselves if need be. We have learned that tools and gages wear out at a rapid rate, it being estimated by a good rifle authority that the wear on gages alone costs about half a dollar per rifle. But with this knowledge of the immense amount of work to be done comes the comforting assurance that we have trained enough men to handle the work, and that we have shops enough to take it on as fast as the orders are given out by the Army and Navy boards.

KNOWLEDGE AND CAPACITY THE BEST KIND OF PREPAREDNESS

Preparedness, then, is not so much having a huge supply of guns and shells as having the knowledge and the capacity for making them in sufficient quantities in case of

need. This capacity we possess in far greater degree than would have been possible two years ago in any except a highly organized military country. But there is another kind of preparedness which we should take up without delay and whether we need the munitions now or not. This is the careful study of designs and specifications for all arms and munitions with a view to simplifying them so as to increase production and to lower costs.

Bearing in mind that nothing must interfere with the proper functioning of the part, each piece should be carefully studied by competent production engineers, who are familiar with large production at minimum costs, and simplified wherever possible. The methods of inspection should also be carefully studied with a view of training men who will see that every piece be so made as to properly perform its duty, but that no piece be rejected because of some minor deviation from the perfect model. Millions of parts have been rejected during the last three years because the inspector did not know the essentials of good mechanical work, or because he had no discretion, and all the time men were dying because of this lack of equipment.

As soon as the simplification of parts is accomplished, the next step is to manufacture enough sets of tools, fixtures, and gages to start a number of shops at work. This is partly provided for by the new appropriation bill, but the amount is entirely too small. This done, and our many plants can start work in a remarkably short time and can provide us with all the munitions we need at a much lower cost than has ever been done in any nation of the non-military class. This knowledge which we have gained from the not always pleasant experiences of the past three years is worth far more than all the profits which have been accumulated therefrom. For we are prepared with the kind of preparation which does not provoke war and which does not antagonize—the preparation which comes from knowing how to make all the war materials we need.

NEMESIS

MARSHAL SOUTH

BUILD ye the cities, grave ye well the signs
That mark your rise above the bestial void;
This know: The very noblest height ye raise,
By thine own brain and hand shall be destroyed.
Thus runs the Law; since first the new-born stars,
As vapor flamed across the Stygian vault,
That very power which urges Progress on,
Shall Progress call to halt.

From out the lowest pit's abysmal slime
Of squirming Life that struggles up the scale;
From out the cauldron of Life's primal brew,
Wherein the weaker die and strong prevail;
From this ye came, slow rising, age on age;
Obedient to a Law, by ye unknown;
The Law which, when ye know, ye straightaway scorn—
And thus are overthrown.

Brutal that Law and grim. Across this orb,
Hurled through the ghastly trackless depths of space,
Sweep visions, dreams and glowing phantasies;
They fade and pass—one Law alone holds place,
The Law of Power, immutable and old.
For Life that dwells upon this sphere of clay,
Thus it is writ: The Powerful shall survive;
The Strengthless Weak, decay.

Thus it is writ. And in the mirthless jest
With which Time mocks the puny human brain,
By adamantine law, thy fairest dreams,
Like dreams at dawn are doomed to fade again.
By this Eternal Paradox the dreams,
Which dreamers from the birth of Time have spun,
Before the brutal Law of Power must pass,
Like mist-wreaths in the sun.

For, by brute law of strength and power ye rose,
And by your swords earned leisure for your lore—
Your lore of Wisdom—all that ye have reared
Upon the pedestal ye won by War.

Behind the rampart of your ready swords
That warded off the bitter tempest blows,
Like tender plants behind a shielding wall,
Your Art and Learning rose.

And, by the law of Fate, the more ye rise,
The nearer climb your minds to god-like height,
The more refined, the more shall ye abhor
The brutal power which led you from the night.
Then shall ye vainly dream that ye are gods
Who are not gods but sparks encased in clay.
Then shall ye turn in loathing from your swords—
And from that hour decay.

For thus the cycle runs. By strife ye climb
To broader heights where nobler passions glow,
And as you rise to lofty dreams so grows
Thy arm more powerless to resist the blow
That, soon or late, shall swift and stunning fall,
From Races led by the unswerving Law—
And from those heights which War for thee had won,
Shall thou be hurled by War.

Thus runs the scroll of Human Destiny,
Written in fire and blood and scalding tears;
Scrawled with wrecked hopes and blasted visionings,
The weary record of ten thousand years,
The weary tale of Peoples and of Kings;
The glowing dreams of Empire and of Race,
That to the Law that ruleth earthly things,
In ruin yielded place.

Behold! For ye were not the first to rise;
There have been others in the gulf of Time;
And after you come others still, to learn
That clay can not be cast in form sublime.
Ye may not mould a diamond from the mud,
Nor form a lustrous pearl from salty tear—
In other worlds may other laws prevail:
Ye may not change them here.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY A EUROPEAN

ARNALDO CERVESATO

THIS European war daily assumes a more and more fatal and obscurely apocalyptic character. It proceeds, giant that it is, slowly and disastrously—like an armored motor-car which no one has the power to restrain, racing down a precipice: *mole ruit sua* (it falls by its own weight).

This is not the moment to examine the fitness of the commanders of the armies and whether they are influenced by the difficulties presented instead of rising and dominating them.

It is certain, however, that we are in the presence of the break-up of a civilization and that if the defeated will be practically wiped out, the conqueror also will need such anxious cares as are given in the hope of saving the agonized. But this is no reason why civilization should perish from the face of the earth.

May not modern civilization, represented by so many races and nourished by the contributions of men of every nation, be compared to a circle having its centre, at one and the same time, everywhere and nowhere? Regarding German civilization, as a genuine expression of the predominance of a race there is no doubt that it had its culmination in mediæval times; and may we not assert that its essence has remained mediæval in the persons of those militarists who think to-day to reaffirm such predominance by means of the sword?

This is the reason—it is well to emphasize—why all the responsibility of this gigantic conflagration rests on Germany.

Recall to-day the first days of the war, the famous days of August of 1914. The right of a people to expansion appeared then, as already it had appeared in all the literature

which determined it, sufficient reason for abrogating every other right in the international field. From this came the formula, half convincing and half cynical, of "necessity knows no law."

If we accept such formulas, which seem to contain an ethical meaning, even if only ethical *sui generis,* we shall find here the re-evocation of the Bismarckian formula that "might is stronger than right."

I believe that history will demonstrate within a short time that, as regards its most recent outbursts, pan-Germanism, translated into a philosophical formula, is the natural result of the war of 1870. But this has come about, as with a tumor, by internal maturing (and the tumor was the blind conviction of supreme and progressive German hegemony), no account being taken of the changes which, during this half century, have cast intellectual and political Europe into a form.

The difference may be made clear by this simple comparison. In 1871 Bismarck could confess, openly and cynically, that he had provoked the war with France, and provoked it by means of a falsification: that of the famous dispatch of Ems. The Europe of those days heard his avowal partly fearful, partly admiring. And there were but few isolated thinkers, amongst whom some Italians, who denounced the enormity of his action and its subsequent confession. Few amongst even English and American newspapers deprecated it. In 1914 the phrase "a scrap of paper," describing treaties, and which announced the territorial invasion of Belgium, had hardly been pronounced than from the four quarters of the globe a united chorus of protest broke forth inveighing against the phrase and against the nation which had dared to use it.

The actual chancellor believed that the success of his predecessor's aggression in 1870 was a theoretic and bureaucratic precedent in justification of his move. He was simply ignorant that international right and the principle of nationality had, since 1870, made way, a way subterraneous and difficult, if you will, but all the same well defined amongst

the nations which have had their inception on the basis of this principle.

The purposes of military caste are insufficient to explain the actual situation of the German people. As a matter of fact, besides a tradition which it would take too long to explain in all its details, it is the interpretation, and we must frankly add the "victim," of a situation created by that which it calls "kultur."

An aprioristic dogmatism has always dominated German "kultur" and has led it, more than once, to conclusions remote from every historic reality. It is also its Protestantism which (let it be said without sympathy for any other form of religion) has played it an ugly trick.

The German people have received from Protestantism a greater independence in comparison with other races (especially in regard to Latin civilization) and also a greater cohesion. But it has taken from the cultus of the Bible the curious view that—given as a matter of fact the high conceit it has of itself—has brought about the conception, amazing to us, of the "chosen people." Were not the Jews the chosen people of God and was not their God a God peculiarly their own, higher and more powerful than others, and were not they the most favored amongst his worshippers?

It is precisely the cultus of the Bible which has contributed so much to imbuing the Germans with this idea of their special preëminence, of their superiority over other nations. To root this in foundations not only mystic but intellectual, "kultur" has come to their aid; the "kultur" which demonstrated that every nation has its moment for dominion over others in the world; and, as at the actual time, this nation could not be other than the people religious, *par excellence,* the people who practised the teaching of the Bible, the expositor of the "chosen nation."

Now, the concept of the "chosen people" of a God so anthropomorphic as is that of the Bible and the Kaiser, is a concept of the primordial barbarism of the religions themselves, which it is unnecessary to explain.

In the second place, relations between civilization and

barbarism cannot be even distantly admitted, either now or in former times, for example in pagan Rome. If two thousand years ago a city could have gradually become the concentration of all the civilization of an epoch, so that, falling from its high estate, civilization also fell, such a situation to-day would be impossible from the fact that modern civilization, that is western civilization, exists wherever there are nations made to its ideal, and there are many.

In the very country where the affirmation of the superiority of one caste over another might have seemed admissible, the fact remains that in order to affirm her predominance Germany has chosen means of violence at the moment which appeared to her decisive.

This is, also, a proof of incomplete understanding of contemporary civilization, which has established such interdependence of relations between the various States as to render the financial superiority much stronger than any other whatever. To quote one example only: I recall, with Norman Angell, that England is much more the mistress of Argentine, where she has not one soldier and does not possess the railways, than of Transvaal or Canada, which are her actual colonies. If anything could justify, in our era, the pan-Germanistic idea, it was precisely the marvellous commercial expansion of Germany, enabling her to take first place in the markets of India or Canada, ousting England, the mistress of the house. England has gone to war aiming, above all, at delivering the world-wide markets from German traffic. The duel reduces itself to England and Germany. That the Slav danger, the Austrian arrogance, the obstinate heroism of the Serbs should vanish are all secondary considerations: *the struggle is between the mark and the pound sterling*—as to whether purchases on the markets of the world are to be made by the first or the second.

England, in a certain sense, has welcomed with enthusiasm the occasion of this war, which unexpectedly permits her to free her territories from a commercial invasion which had already almost taken the upper hand.

Since the pan-German idea is an idea outside our times and every tendency of our civilization, it is not to be wondered that a people considering itself the "chosen people"—as though we were living in the year two thousand before Christ!—that pretends alone to possess civilization, when this civilization is, instead, diffused everywhere, an indestructible collective patrimony—it is not to be wondered that, after having almost attained the commercial conquest of the modern world in Europe, in Asia, in America, with forty years of economical ascendancy truly unique in the history of nations, Germany should ruin all this labor and make null all this dominion by a mediæval action proving her outside the spirit of the present century, and therefore doubly incapable not only of governing it but even of participating therein with a healthy and understanding activity. Another proof that this war finds Germany mentally the same as in 1870 is proved by the fact that the victory of Germany would, perhaps, be more sterile and dangerous for her than defeat. Without wasting time in useless historical digressions on the past of the nations, the fact remains that modern civilization rests on these two concepts of affirmation of the race and of respect for nationality.

In 1870 the British Empire did not yet exist; the Slav empire and the Slav race were far from being that which they are to-day. America itself counted yet did not count. To-day the situation is such that it suffices to name Slavs and Americans in order to demonstrate the jeopardy to which Germany is exposing herself, and this without taking into account the Latins and every other nation menaced in its very existence by the sole fact (as Belgium) of existing.

The only paramount arm for world conquest is that of commerce: Germany possessed it and has lost it through her own fault. Germany defeated will demonstrate, in my opinion, that which, notwithstanding apparent progress, has ever been a historic truth: the task she set herself was a task eminently mediæval. She carried it out in the centuries before the Renaissance and for this reason her historic mission has been finished long ago.

II

Each day the reality of this war—perchance a transforming power to-morrow, but to-day darkly uncertain—surpasses and casts into the shade all that have hitherto seemed the wildest flights of imagination. Truly we cannot imagine this daily and indescribable carnage which obscures the very fogs of the winter and where, not by hundreds, but by hundreds of thousands, the fallen can be counted.

Such an arresting of the imagination itself at the sight of uninterrupted and nameless atrocities—in consequence of which every field is a charnel house and every trench a ditch full of dying—is perhaps the only gift which the gods can give to-day, veiling from our eyes (which perhaps could not bear the sight) the vastness of this awful horror.

Such vastness! Think for a moment: Is not the theatre alone of this war wider than that of all the wars of Napoleon (Napoleon in the campaigns of Austria, of Germany, of Russia, and of France, and even of Egypt) added together? And the number of combatants, of the millions of combatants, is eight times superior to that of the soldiers (all the soldiers) of those campaigns which seemed to us only yesterday as the most gigantic and terrible of an evil past!

The subterranean trenches, where millions of human moles live in unceasing ambush mark on the frontiers of central Europe long, sinuous traces of many hundreds of miles. And the great barbaric plain which occupies so great a portion of Europe—and of which those who have not crossed the Alps cannot (so enormous is its wide horizon) have an idea—appears to have reopened to receive again the advances of the ancient belligerent nations. It looks like the natural theatre of the battles of men numbered in millions, this immense plain where France, Germany, and the steppes of Hungary and Poland lie in wait.

It has the vastness of a ruthless desert, this interminable plain: an unwearying desolation of lands, under the eternal gloominess of leaden skies; and its immensity seems to stretch beyond its own horizons—from Galicia to the dunes

of the North Sea. It is like a measureless, prone colossus—of which the rivers (the great rivers which so often appear, and lakes, and running seas) are the veins and arteries.

This barbaric plain, which the Latin eye, accustomed to the shores and the lesser valleys of the brief Mediterranean coast cannot conceive, has two grand features: the great irrigating rivers of the continents, the volume of rapid waters such as the Danube or heavy and slow as the Vistula and the Scheldt—and its majestic forests.

Does not the great forest of the north, with its gigantic symphony as its most magnificent note, redeem the plain from its trivial and monotonous features of vegetable cultivation and the distant furrows of muddy ploughed land? To it belong the sublime irregularities which created Romanticism and the Gothic cathedral: perennially it receives and pours out the giant breath of the north wind, making its hoary heads vibrate with musical notes, perhaps the primordial music of the choir of created things.

The plain without confines, brooded over by livid and motionless skies, induces a melancholy too deep to be borne without sadness: its very inhabitants admit this; and this is perhaps the reason why those who have known no other light beyond that of its dark regions, sigh after—beyond those ashy horizons—the happy south, the blue sky, the olives, the fronds bending over the waters of the sirens.

And so, for thousands of years, the Germans and the Slavs have striven to open for themselves a passage towards the regions where nature is serene in her coloring and her history illustrious.

This is why those possessing oases of gardens and cultivated ground in the northern desert (For does not the shady and undulating plain between Liège and Aix-la-Chapelle resemble a magnificent park, an immense Villa Pamphili?) and the dwellers in the gentle tributary valleys of the Meuse and the Moselle are to-day, as in remote times, were exposed, on account of their smiling prosperity, to the threat of the first invasion.

Thus was initiated, and then repeated from the first mo-

ments of history, the series of invasions which to-day is allied with the most vast tragedy ever befallen the earth.

Did not the same thing occur—and centuries before—in the time of Cæsar?

"It is a great temptation to invade France" (wrote the Roman of the Germans) "and so Belgium is taken by surprise."

It is in consequence of having to rise suddenly and with all their strength against the invaders of the plains and forests that, tempered by every kind of danger endured, "the Belgians are, of all the peoples dwelling on French territory on the other bank of the Rhine, the most brave."

Even in those times the Germans boasted—in the very words of Julius Cæsar—"of being a people superior to all others in the world."

Do not those words sound like an echo of others falling from the lips of the Kaiser or an extract from one of his Aulic historians?

"Also"—added the Captain—"they have often recourse to treachery, to dissimulation, to fraud and to artifice."

There were, too, the people who inhabited Britain—the great island near to France.

What does Cæsar say of the sons of Albion? He remarks that "in such wars they sent forces to the help of France." Yes, even then!

And it was necessary, for the Germans were aggressors by instinct and we know from Tacitus that they fought in compact masses and "were trained in the art of pillage."

The picture drawn by Tacitus has not changed to-day in Germany.

The silent historian writes: "To plough the earth in order to gather its fruits after a year is a poor employment for the Germans in comparison with war and slaughter." *Nec arare terram aut expectare annum tam facile persuareris quam vocare hostem et vulnera nemici.* (Tac. 14).

And they offer an unanswerable commercial reason: "It is lazy and idle to gain by sweat when you can enrich

yourself by the spilling of blood." *Pigrum quinimmo et iners videtur sudore adquirere quod possis sanguine parare.* (Tac. ib.).

It follows that the Germans exist to get rich quickly. This is the measure of their civilization. This it is that induces them to seek results not in labor but in the shedding of blood.

After this nothing need surprise us in the bloody and rapacious story of Germany. Devastated Belgium, invaded France, are of no account when a nation does not discuss between the advantages of labor and of blood, when the gifts of its Prince are the fruits of war and rapine, *materia munificentia per bella et raptus.*

Here we have the explanation of all the feudalism which destroyed the economic well-being of Europe and made cowards of the consciences for so many centuries.

"There is no longer, in the world, either dignity, nobility, position, or ambition, except in the profession of arms and in the company of the armed." (Tac. 13). But arms and companies of armed men did not exist in order to defend honor, liberty, country, civilization. This would be the ideal aim of arms. For the German arms served the Prince for victory, the soldiers to insure favor for themselves from the Prince: *principes pro victoria pugnant, comites pro principe.* (Tac. 14). It is, therefore, arrogance and desire of gain which animates the German soldier. Anything for the fatherland since the splendor of their arms is destined to pass the confines and to make an impression on those outside, because the Germans trust to defeat their enemies by the mere prestige of their fame: *ipsa plerumque fama bella profigant.*

And if their own country is at peace its best citizens ought to throw themselves into the wars of other countries, because the German character is not such as to take pleasure in the delights of peace: *ingrata genti quies* (Tac. 14), and is always wanting to show itself off wherever perils are thickest: *et facilius inter anticipitia clarescunt.* (Tac. ib.)

Behold the reason why companies of adventurers rained

upon us from Germany when the imperial armies could not find an excuse to descend in the XIV and XV centuries.

History repeats itself or, rather, does not change.

A German writer professed to see in the manoeuvre carried out by the German general against the Russians at the Masuri Lakes a repetition of that of Hannibal at Canne against the Romans. Between the two episodes there is, however, this difference, that the Russians were defeated really by the morasses, whilst the Roman Consuls were overthrown by the rush of the Punic cavalry on level ground.

Rather may we compare to Hannibal (who after Trasimene liberated all the Italian soldiers, keeping only those who were Roman) the Czar, who would not keep the Italian soldiers nor even the Slavs of the Austrian army prisoners.

Thus, again, history repeats itself—or rather, again, remains unchanged with the same characteristics, analogous to the immovable ones of human nature. And what, compared to it, are the twenty-one centuries which have elapsed since the Consuls Caephio and Marius defeated the Germans headed by the famous Teutobocus—who attempted the invasion of Gaul from the north? And what is extraordinary in the fact that every German was designated by the name of "Testa Bocis" as to-day every German (as if the former day was still going on) is called "Tête de boche"?

But what does a man want of prey during his brief span of days? And yet the solid rivers, traversing the gloomy continents, run to the sea wrapped in perpetual mist, bearing innumerable human remains—remains of a ferocity, nameless and unresting. They are carried to the great oceans on their currents, where, it consoles us to think, even pain and misery find their end in the total annihilation which life itself, creator and destroyer, prepares at its ultimate confines.

In the words of Luigi Luzzatti, our immortal political economist—true and supreme giver of social peace to our native land—we would say that infinite pity surpasses infinite horror and we ask: "Is there not the certainty of retrogression in civilization, or at least a suspension?"

Augusto Agabiti has made an extensive study of the tremendous problem and solves the doubt triumphantly: civilization, the Latin race, humanity, are travelling towards clearer and more secure destinies.

And this is the opinion animating the soul and the opinion of the great Latin, Charles Richet. It springs up in the souls of the great Alsatian Schuré, and the great Spaniard Unamuno.

Latin civilization, instead of becoming worn out, appears daily younger and more beautiful, of more important value for that Areopagus of peoples which Norman Angell—the author of that imperishable "The Great Illusion"—declares necessary after the war.

As Angell declares—and with him Agabiti—it is not Germanism, fecund and ordinate, but the "feudal Prussianism of the Junkers" which should be destroyed in the interests and with the collaboration of the free Germans themselves.

Norman Angell in "The Great Illusion" observes: "All the nations have the gift of love and each one of them protests that it acts only in defence."

But one must have been the provocating cause. And which?

If, up to this time, the European war has brought about no definite result, it has, at least, from the first demonstrated the unquestionable fact that, "The provocating cause was and is German militarism, whether of Berlin or Vienna."

If Goethe at Valmy in 1793 could exclaim on beholding the victory of the soldiers of the revolution over the German armies: "To-day a new era begins for the world," with not less reason may we repeat the phrase as we watch the marvellous country which we seek to help with all our efforts, as it opposes itself to the stolid aggression of the feudalism still active among the German nations.

And it is around the cause of civilization that to-day, in the gigantic struggle, above all grouping of nations, of all treaties, of all hopes of self-interest, rages the supreme battle.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there."—Browning.

OH, to be in Paris now that Pershing's there!
To hear the waves of welcome that greet him everywhere;
To see the children and the girls a-pelting him with flowers,
And feel that every petal is meant for us and ours;
To know the brave smile's come again to worn and widowed France,
Whose banners—now thank Heaven! with ours—are all that's left to dance;
That war, that wakens hate in those who fight for love of war,
Has made a wider world of love than ever was before;
To see this love find moving voice in living epigram;
The Poilu and the Tommy and the Son of Uncle Sam,
In a comradeship of Paris streets, like modern Musketeers,
That, however near to laughter, isn't very far from tears;
To see our flag that stood for faith now stand at last for works,
And prove that, at the pinch of things, we have no place for shirks;
To hear the hymn we sang so long, secure in sentiment,
Played proudly to a land that learns how grimly it is meant.
Oh, 'tis a thrill to die upon, to help repay the debt
We owe the gallant memory of the boyish Lafayette;
To know that we are brothers, in spite of race or tongue,
To make the round world safe for Man . . . O God, that I were young!

LOST, A GREAT EMPIRE

Richard Dobson

GERMANY has lost in this World War, so far, a great empire. Individuals, sometimes, like nations in a supreme fight, stake their all.

Nothing in the history of the world will compare with the loss Germany has already sustained in three years of the War. She has lost an empire so large that you could place the following countries within its boundaries and still have vast stretches of country left to bank on. Here they are: France, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, Greece, Belgium, and Bulgaria.

The conquest by the Entente Allies, especially England and France, of all of this country within the period, so far, of the World War, will loom up as one of the great features when time has softened the memory. The future of these vast territories, and the marvelous triumphs which have been achieved by science over the terrors of the terrain, very much of which fifty years ago was regarded as insurmountable, can not be affected by or on account of their lightning-like acquirement by the French and English Armies in East Africa.

Major Dobell crossed the swamps of the Cameroons with the same ease, comfort, and speed with which General Botha crossed the sandy deserts or wastes of German south-east Africa. Medical science of to-day has made these vast territories, which fifty years ago were considered impossible, habitable for the white races. Malaria and Enteric fevers have been taken in hand and reduced to a minimum, enhancing the potential value a thousand fold, to say nothing of the military significance.

Germany has made many egregious blunders in her overweening ambition in her conduct of the War, but the loss of her immense colonies in Africa outweighs and overcaps all that she aspires for in Europe if that purpose and aspiration could even be accomplished, which from the pres-

ent outlook there is little chance of. If Germany could retain all the European territory which her armies at present occupy, even then she would be immensely the loser in this World War.

The loss forever of Germany's Colonial Empire is a staggering blow which she little realizes now, but in the near future it will loom up on the German mind as an astounding and a colossal disaster for which she will doubtless have to pay for generations. Belgium, Serbia, Poland, and all of Roumania, even if she should hold them (And who as a statesman dare venture to say that she will?), would be but a feather weight to balance the mighty territories which she has now forever lost.

Where are Germany's statesmen? Madness must possess them, if she has any. She has been drunk on the eutopian ambition and jealousy of her Militarism. Her impossible and unreasonable task was capturing Europe, subjugating Europe; and in so doing or attempting to do she has lost forever a great and rich territory already and with nothing but a Will-O'-the-Wisp, or Ignis Fatuus chance to obtain the former.

Germany, a little less than thirty-six years ago, did not possess a single rod of territory outside of Europe, and yet, just preceding this World War she had secured a Colonial Empire equal to two-thirds of Europe. Do you wonder at my saying that Germany, when she foisted this War on her unsuspecting European neighbors, must have been mad?

In the three years which have elapsed since the War began, the minds of all the belligerents engaged have failed to grasp the immensity of the lost empire.

It might be interesting for the reader to realize and know that with the power and prestige of the German Military, German diplomacy, especially under the dictatorship of Prince Bismarck, gained far more for the credit and extent of the German Empire than ever did all its fighting armies. It is very interesting, at this period, to note that the units of Germanic colonies in almost every case were ready to come under British rule without any bloodshed, only

the British Government was dilatory and decided on annexation just a little too late.

The Natives of Samoa in 1877 petitioned the British Government to come and establish a Protectorate over them, but the appeal was disregarded and Germany two years later took up the matter with the Samoan Chiefs and then and there laid the foundation of German colonies in the South Pacific Ocean.

A few weeks after the beginning of this great World War by Germany, the French inhabitants of Noumea in New Caledonia gathered one day on the beach of that Island and watched with great excitement a somewhat imposing flotilla of British cruisers and transports sail by. It proved to be an expeditionary force of New Zealanders coming from somewhere, bound for somewhere, under orders. Later it became known all over the South Pacific, Europe, and all of the Antipodes that the New Zealanders had obtained possession of Samoa, and as a result had possession in full of the Australian Panama Route.

Following close upon this strategic move the whole of the German Pacific possessions and colonies passed into the hands of the Allied Governments. The German Cameroons, taking its name from the river Cameroons, has been for nearly one hundred years the center of a large merchant trade, and the merchants themselves, most of the time, have been on very friendly terms with the ruler of the Cameroons, known as Old King Bell, of the once famous Belltown near to the Doualla Country.

The German Cameroons came very near being an English territory, for in the early part of the "eighties" Old King Bell, who had been educated in Germany, applied or rather appealed to the British Government to take the Cameroons under its protection, but again the British Government was dilatory and on July 15th, 1884, Doctor Nachtegal, who had laid the foundation of German colonization in the Cameroons, at midnight on the above-mentioned date, signed a treaty making it a German colony. Five days later the English consul arrived at Belltown to take over, under Brit-

ish Protectorship, the Cameroons—only he was just five days too late. The German authorities hanged Old King Bell afterwards.

In 1911, through the Morocco trouble and its settlement, Germany obtained what is known as the Duck's-Bill extension of the Cameroons, which gave her access to the famous Congo territory. In less than one year since this great World War began, the entire country of the Cameroons has been conquered and is now in the possession of the Entente Allies. This has been done in such a short period of time, as a result of unsurpassed heroism in one of the most unhealthy and terrible climates in the world, which we here in America can scarcely in a correct measure comprehend.

In the great European scramble of 1884, territory in Africa and Togoland, about the size of the state of Indiana, was added to German territory in Africa. This territory has been under joint administration of Anglo-French forces and in a short space of time the English administration under Sir Hugh Clifford has eliminated the Poll-tax, imposed upon the natives; but even with that they have a surplus of revenue over all expenditures of about thirty thousand dollars, no small tribute to the reputation of the new Government in that small colony.

What has been known as German South West Africa, about as large as Germany and Austria proper, would have been English territory had the English Government responded to the call of the African Chiefs, but again there was delay and on August 7th, 1884, the German flag went up and continued up until, on July 9th, 1915, it was hauled down by General Botha at the head of fifty thousand white soldiers and about thirty thousand armed natives. This great extent of country was conquered with a meagre casualty of one hundred and twenty-two killed and three hundred and eighteen wounded.

To-day the German farmers are returning to their farms. The financial cost of the expedition was less than seventy million dollars. German East Africa, ten times the size of Natal, was the last of the German colonies to fall

into the hands of the Allies. Karl Peters had forever made German administration infamous by his brutal, ruthless, cowardly deeds perpetrated upon the African people and natives of said German colonies before their recent liberation by the Entente Allies.

The Germans ran up their flag in Usagara in 1884, but they obtained full possession of the coast-line rights from the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1900 only by the payment of about one million dollars to the said Sultan. The vast Colonial Empire which Germany has now lost would scarcely ever return her the legal interest on the great sums of money that she has expended in obtaining them.

The very prominent characteristics which the German Empire has exhibited and enforced in this War would forever prevent her from being a great colonizer. The cruelty, the overweening domination, the bloodshed and ruthlessness in her prosecution are characteristics that would make futile and impossible a prosperous colony.

The success of these colonies under the flags of England and France will be increased tenfold in a short period of time, evidence of which is made manifest by a direct reference to the German administration of the colonies in the period of time taken up by German rule.

There are several great cardinal facts which must be borne in mind concerning Germany's "Lost Empire." The most prominent one is, that these colonies, at present, are incapable of colonization by any of the white races. Germany went into the colonization business too late; but whether late or not, her methods would have made her a failure and a colonial bankrupt. Germany soon discovered that she must have access to African or Asiatic populations in order to develop her mid-tropical possessions and her natural-born brutal characteristics prevented her from getting or obtaining any such population.

Let me give you a case or two in point. In Togoland there were but three natives to one square mile and those crossed the borderline over into British territory to labor and to trade. In German Southwest Africa, the population

was still scarcer, being only three natives to ten square miles. The German people, at home, could not be induced to take their families and go to those fever-ridden and tropical climes, and undertake to colonize them.

See the political dilemma. The German Autocracy had but two resources before them. Either they must get a supply of labor from the neighboring Powers, or by diplomacy or War get possession of some densely populated territory in Africa or Asia. To fail in either one of the above mentioned propositions meant disaster and ruin to German colonization in Africa; and, no doubt, it was from this state of things at the time that Germany became irritated and ready to quarrel with France, England or the Unied States. We here in America had the evidence of it during the time that Admiral Dewey was in Manila Bay.

Germany tried the first of the two resources. She attempted to obtain a supply of labor from British colonial possessions, and here comes the first showing of the utter failure of Germany as a colonizer. The first resource might have been a success, but the German characteristic entirely prevented it. The atrocious, brutal, devilish treatment of native emigrants from the South African Union at Wilhelmstal was such that a sudden end came to the supply from that territory.

Germany then attempted to get permission from the British Government to recruit a supply from India. To this request came a quick and definite refusal, so the jig was up and Germany has ever since undertaken to vent her spleen and her vengeance on the world at large. Germany was too late in the colonizing business; and, as I have said before, whether late or early, the character of the Military German would have made him a failure under any circumstance or condition as a colonizer.

But it was under these conditions that the reader of history will see clearly now that the German military autocrat conceived the idea of putting the whole world under tribute to German dominance, tyranny, and autocracy. World Democracy came near being too late to prevent its

accomplishment. Under the stress of events now happening, the thoughtful reader will begin to see some reason for the inveterate hatred and malice that military Germany has exhibited toward Great Britain, France, and the United States.

The very nature and character of the military German makes it impossible that he should succeed as a colonizer. Colonial wealth and success has got to be founded on the bed-rock fact that in spite of great expenditure of money and energy, a territory must to be colonizable be suitable and capable of affording domestic life to some tribe or part of the Caucasian race. It must be a place where white children can be brought up, educated, and developed.

Look at the facts in the case. Just before the outbreak of the World War, in the one million square miles of German African and South Pacific colonies there were but nine thousand four hundred colonists, which made less than a thousand colonists per annum. Can the reader not see that there was great cause for irritation on the part of military Germany, seeing as she did that she was a complete failure in attempting to do her share in the colonization of the world?

If Germany is beaten in this War, she will never care to get her colonies back. The thirty years' possession of Germany's African, South Pacific, and Kiao-Chou colonies have cost her a yearly average, up to the time that she lost them to the Entente Allies, of nearly twenty-eight million dollars, making in the entire period of her occupation of said colonies, very nearly eight hundred and forty million dollars. This is saying nothing of the thousands of human lives prematurely sacrificed, nor of the human energy wasted and lost.

Will she want them back? I think not. Germany's energy and diplomacy and blood-letting from this time on will be to retain control of Bulgaria, Serbia, Turkey, the Dardanelles, and the Asia-Minor routes south and east. Germany came into the field of colonizing heathendom too late to have an equal chance with the other great Powers; and

also, neither was she fit for the work in character or temperament.

Very many people in the United States think that Germany's colonial possessions should be returned to her after the War, whether she wins or loses. Those people fail, however, to take into consideration the rights and prerogatives of the native population, which judging from past experience would never be taken into consideration by Germany.

There are no circumstances conceivable under which a return could be made to Germany of her lost colonies. Three great indisputable facts forever prevent such a course being taken with Germany, winning or losing. First, Germany winning or losing will never be able to return and take possession of said colonies from purely political and strategical reasons. The second fact, Germany with all her bull-headedness and stubbornness, which have been made so manifest to the world through her arrogant statesmen, will never be fool enough to want a return of especially her African colonies unless she can receive at the same time concessions from the neighboring colonies of the Allied Powers whereby she can obtain sufficient and adequate labor forces to develop the tropical and subtropical terrain that she now has lost. The third great fact, there is no British territory recently acquired—or otherwise—occupied by colonists or native tribes with whom Great Britain has put herself under obligation or contract, which can be surrendered either to the Allies or the enemy without the sanction of the occupants of said territory as well as the British Government.

If Germany ever again is to rise as a Colonial Power she will have to change her character and her purpose. She will have to become possessed of a broader and more humane character. She will have to cut out her egoism and her egotistic Kultur. She will have to revamp, as it were, her Super-German theories and principles. She will have to cut out her Military dominance and usurpation. She will have to unlearn what for nearly two generations her military Academies and her professional and academical Universities and Colleges have been teaching, namely, the Super-German in

mind, in body, and in nationality. In other words, Germany is no better than her neighbors. What she knows, really, she knows. But there are others, who are not Germans, who are just as good. Extreme self-conceit, egoism, has spoiled many a good man, and nations are but men.

If Germany ever again becomes a colonizer, she will have to separate herself from the hellish egoism that to colonize is, simply, to exploit, to rob and steal and impoverish the colony in the interest of the Fatherland and the colonizers. In other words, from this time on, colonial expansion must be colonial service for the good of the general public, and not medieval exploitation.

Germany has already learned something during this War and part of that something is, to respect her neighbors more. Before the War ends she will have learned something else and that something else is, that to underestimate the strength and ability of an opponent is not only criminal but suicidal. The World exhibit of Germany's brutality and inborn stubbornness in this struggle has already arraigned against her about nine-tenths of the world's population. Germany has lost a great empire. She has also lost something greater than an empire—the respect, approval, and esteem of the world at large. The former she will never regain.

How long will it take her to regain the latter?

NARCISSUS

(*A Sestina*)

THOMAS GRANT SPRINGER

ACROSS the tinkling stream sweet Echo calls,
Hid on the farther bank, a plaintive voice
That only half repeats the tender words
That musically fall from his red lips
As gazing in the mirror-surfaced stream
He sees his own fair image resting there.

Smiles on his image as it resteth there,
All heedless of the nymph who sweetly calls,
And thrills to see the smile upon its lips
Nor heeds the echo of his loving words,
But only strives to follow that sweet voice
That seems to whisper from the gurgling stream.

He dips his hands into the silver stream
To seize the beauteous creature lying there,
The while with words of love upon it calls
To taste the kisses burning on his lips.
The gurgling stream seems laughing at his words
And only Echo answereth his voice.

For now the image, frightened at his voice,
Flees as his trembling fingers touch the stream,
Gone with the ripples that his hand made there,
And gurgling laughter mocks him as he calls,
Laughter as sweet as music of his lips
When they are moved to utter tender words.

But all in vain he sues with tender words
That find their mate in Echo's answering voice,
And all in vain unto the stream he calls,
Though each new day returning finds him there
Striving to win the creature of the stream
Though coldness only meets his kissing lips.

Oft to the stream he pressed his burning lips
Or hung above and murmured tender words
That only answer found in Echo's voice
Or in the mocking laughter of the stream,
Till sick with love at last he faded there
All heedless of another love's sweet calls.

Now as a flower his spirit blossoms there
And Echo still is answering each voice
In hope that he will hear her as she calls.

IS THE MILLENNIUM UPON US?

(THE BAHAIS CLAIM THAT THIS IS THAT "GREAT AND TERRIBLE DAY OF THE LORD")

ERIC ADOLPHUS DIME

A VOICE from the Orient has spoken, and that voice has made some strange and startling prophesies. The message deals with the great world war and the part it is playing in the reshaping of human destinies. The voice is that of the Bahai movement which had its origin in Persia, a land of mystery from which have sprung great spiritual impulses.

The followers of Bahaism claim that this is that "Great and Terrible Day of the Lord" which was to precede the Millennium; that we are now facing the dawn of universal brotherhood, when the people of the world will be freed from the shackles and strife of tyranny and become united in the bonds of everlasting peace. The Bahais have seen "the handwriting on the wall." They base their claims on the statements of the prophets of the Old Testament and are now looking for the fulfillment of the predictions that are to inaugurate a new civilization.

The Bahais have recently celebrated the ninth annual Bahai Convention in Boston, which was largely attended by followers of the cult—men and women from all walks of life, from all parts of the United States and Canada. The Convention was opened Saturday evening, April 28th, with the great Bahai "Feast of Rizwan," and the sessions continued until Wednesday evening following. The war proved the leading topic of discussion and hopes were expressed that peace would come before the end of this year. The Bahais are confident this will happen, according to their interpretation of the Bible passages written by the prophets.

The Bahai Revelation, as the Cause of this strange cult is called, took its rise in Persia in the year 1844 and today its teachings have found their way to every part of the globe. The great movement for social and spiritual reconstruction

was first centered in a youth, whose heart was fired with the spirit of love for his fellow men. He was called the Bab. Many European historians have given graphic descriptions of the wonderful charm of this youth who proved to be a pure-hearted hero of progressive religion. After six years of brilliant teaching, during which time he astonished his contemporaries in the land of his birth, he suffered a martyr's death and died faithful to his Cause in the year 1850.

After the Bab's martyrdom, a Persian noble by the name of Baha'o'llah led forward the movement. He predicted the dawn of a new age—an era when brotherhood and peace should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The universal principles which he taught were too deep and vast for the limited minds of his contemporaries. His vision extended beyond the horizon of other men's minds and as a consequence Baha'o'llah and a little gallant band of followers were driven by the reactionary leaders of Persia into exile and prison. Later, in the year 1868, they were immured in the desolate barracks of Acca in the kingdom of Syria. The persecutions which the leader and his followers suffered could not alter their faith in God and His Holy Spirit. From his cell in what was termed the "Most Great Prison" of Acca, Baha'o'llah spread his gospel of universal love throughout western Asia. He suffered exile and imprisonment for a period of forty years and when he passed away, his son, Abdul Baha, became his successor.

Abdul Baha is still the master teacher and guide of the followers of Baha and under his divine leadership the Cause has spread to every country and has reached every religion. It has linked Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Parsees, Jews, and Hindus into a remarkable spirit of brotherhood. According to the belief of Bahais this is the Golden Age upon earth, the era of universal peace and love, which Christ foretold through the mouths of the prophets.

To support their belief that this is that "Great and Terrible Day of the Lord" which should precede the coming of the Millennium, the Bahais refer to many Bible passages of prophesy and they claim that there is far more proof in the

Scriptures of the advent of God in this day and age than there is confirming the coming of Jesus nineteen hundred years ago. As a matter of illustration they particularly refer to the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of Isaiah, which reads as follows:

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, and upon his shoulders shall the government be."

The Bahais further maintain that the advent of this one was to be heralded by Elijah the Prophet:

"Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the great and terrible day of the Lord."

It is the firm belief of the followers of Baha that the passage from Isaiah cannot refer to Jesus, since Jesus was never called "Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God," or "Everlasting Father," but that the verse relates to the one who was to come as the universal fulfillment of the prophesies of the various holy books of the world, with a message to the nations and who was to "Rebuke strong nations afar off," who were "to beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks and learn war no more."

The coming or the rise of the Bahai Revelation in 1844 is in exact accordance with the scriptures, if interpreted correctly, say the members of the Bahai Cult. They hold that in that year, when the Second-Day Adventists and the Millerites were expecting the fulfillment of the prophesy which tells of the second coming of Christ from the physical heavens in an actual cloud, accompanied with such phenomena as the darkening of the sun, shooting meteors, falling stars, etc., the advent of the Prince of Peace actually took place in the Orient. When the prophesies of the Bible are spiritually understood and interpreted, they relate to the coming of the Bab, the radiant youth who proved to be the precursor of progressive religion. The Bahais claim that the literalists of this age are making precisely the same mistake which the Jews made in the age of Christ, when they rejected him, because his coming was not accompanied with

physical phenomena and unusual manifestations. The fulfillment then was in accordance with the spiritual understanding of the Scriptures, as it always has been and always will be.

The Bahais find strong proof for their claim in a statement made some years ago by Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, a Unitarian clergyman, who in his book, "Studies in Theology," wrote as follows:

"Persia has been for centuries the home of the most rarefied forms of mysticism, and almost every aspect of the interior life of the soul with its Maker has been realized among its teachers and its saints. And there, too, from time to time the expectation has arisen of some new revelation of the being and the will of God more or less in harmony with the well-known Mohammedan anticipation of the Twelfth Imam or Madhi. So, more than fifty years ago, the Haji Seyyid Kazim at Kerbela, spoke in lecture room and pulpit of the approaching advent of the promised Proof, the signs of his appearance and their signification, and foretold that he would be a youth untaught in the learning of men: "I see him," he exclaimed, "as the rising sun." And in fact in 1844 the young Teacher, who had been a student in the classes of Seyyid Kazim, stepped forth after his master's death, at the age of twenty-four, and began to proclaim a higher faith, destined to replace and supersede all existing creeds." Prof. Carpenter has also the following commentary in his book from the chapter "The Relation of Jesus": "The late Master of Balliol once told me that he thought that Babism might prove the most important religious movement since the foundation of Christianity."

It is the claim of the Bahais that the Bab was the return of the spiritual reality, or consciousness of the real Elijah, as was also John the Baptist, but they hold that the Bab had a closer resemblance to the real Elijah than John the Baptist. In carrying on his work and teaching religion from the viewpoint of unity and universal love, the Bab from the commencement of his mission until his martyrdom in 1850, had constant trouble with the Mohammedan Ulama, who were

the priests or doctors of religion. His troubles and vicissitudes can be compared with the obstacles that crossed the path of the ancient Elijah in his conflict with the priests of Baal. The Bab reproached and rebuked the clergy of his time for growing fat and wealthy by living on the people instead of living for them and feeding them with spiritual food. He was an advocate of radical reforms and he preached the equality of the sexes. As a result of this he incurred the hatred of the priests. He himself was imprisoned and his followers were bitterly persecuted. Just as through the king's governor, the ancient Elijah challenged the entire company of the priests of Baal to a contest before the king to determine whether the power of God was with him or with them, the Bab, through Minucher Khan, the powerful governor of the province of Mazandarin, challenged the whole assembly of the Ulama to meet him before the king, and let the latter determine whether the facts and the argument were with them or with him. There is another point which the Bahais consider very important in this connection and that is that the body of the martyred Bab lies entombed on the beautiful and sacred Mount Carmel at the very spot which was supposed to be the location of the "Cave of Elijah."

The loyal followers of the Bab had no easy road to travel. Their path was strewn with thorns and before they could glory in the wearing of the crown they had to suffer the burden of the cross. It is said that from 1844 to the present time more than thirty thousand followers of the faith have suffered the pains of martyrdom in the same spirit of resignation, devotion and love that characterized the martyrdoms of the early Christians. But there was nothing that could shake the Bahais from their faith in the great Teacher, who himself went to a martyr's death with a smile on his serene countenance. They had a hope that nothing could conquer. They could have saved their lives by merely recanting or turning their backs on their faith. This they steadfastly refused to do and instead took punishment at the hands of their persecutors.

As before stated one of the teachings of the Bahai faith is the equality of the sexes and the enfranchisement of women. The history of the Bahai movement contains the name of Kurrat'l Ayn, a name which means consolation of the eyes, or "cool tears." She is known as the great martyr heroine of the Bahais who suffered martyrdom under lingering torture in the city of Teheran in 1852. The women followers of the cult claim that Kurrat'l Ayn was the first martyr to the cause of the emancipation of women and equal rights. Dr. Polluk, an Austrian physician who lived in Teheran at the time, witnessed her martyrdom and he wrote that she endured the slow and dreadful death inflicted upon her without complaint and with unflinching resolution and fortitude.

The name of Baha'o'llah means the "Glory of God." His coming proved a blessing to the country of his birth and the Bahais connect his advent with passages from the Scriptures. They point to the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah and say that landmarks there given of Lebanon, Carmel, and the Valley of Sharon plainly indicate the City of Acca and the Acca Plain, where Baha was imprisoned from 1867 to 1892, when he died. This chapter of Isaiah, according to the followers of the cult, is literally fulfilled in the appearance of Baha in that locality. Before he arrived the countryside was reputed to be one of the most barren, desolate and unhealthy places on earth, whereas after his advent the plain of Acca was turned into a fertile field, which could boast of a veritable succession of orange groves and famous flower gardens. While modern engineering science was responsible for this transformation, the fact remains that the event awaited the advent at that spot of Baha and the little loyal band of Bahai captives and exiles.

The Bahais call Abdul Baha, who is making his home in Persia, the "Center of the Covenant," which is interpreted as the Center of the Covenant of Baha of the Great Peace and the new spiritual civilization. The name of Abdul Baha means the "Servant of Baha." The present leader of the cult regards the appearance of the Bab as the fulfillment of

the promise of the coming of Elijah, that the appearance of Baha'o'llah is the fulfillment of the promise of the coming of Christ " in the clouds of heaven with power and glory," and that he himself is " under the shadow of the tree of Baha'o'llah," his humble servant, and is considered as the authoritative interpreter of the teachings of Baha'o'llah and the promulgator of his cause.

The " Feast of Rizwan " is celebrated to commemorate an important historical event in the lives of the early Bahais. When Baha'o'llah arrived at Bagdad in Irak, Arabi, after his exile from Teheran, he became the real hope and comforter of the little band of exiles who had been wandering like sheep without a shepherd. In 1863, the Persian and Turkish Governments agreed, at the request of the Mohammedan clergy, to send him and his followers to Constantinople, and an order was issued to that effect. Before leaving Irak, Arabi, to go into this new exile, Baha'o'llah resided for twelve days at the beautiful garden of a former governor of Irak. It is said that during these twelve days Baha'o'llah declared his mission to his followers, exhorting them to be patient, self-restrained, steadfast, forebearing, and to strive continually to beautify their characters and reform their morals. About to face unknown conditions in a foreign country and to be turned over as captives to the Turkish government, his declaration greatly comforted them and it gave them strength and courage to face the new dangers. These twelve days at the end of April are celebrated by the Bahais as feast days and days of rejoicing. The event is known as the " Feast of Rizwan," which is taken from the name of the garden where the declaration took place.

The fundamental religious doctrines of the Bahai sect, which have found firm believers numbering millions in all parts of the world, are the following:

1. That God, the essence, or infinite, is incomprehensible and unknowable, and that any attempt to picture Him or any alleged claim of knowledge concerning Him is pure imagination, and only the individual conception of the claimant.

2. That God is knowable through His revelation of Himself to men in His great Prophets, or Manifestations, who are Manifestations of His name and attributes. That these Manifestations are the true and real proofs of His Being, and the sole source of all real knowledge concerning Him. That in them the truth of God becomes manifest and demonstrable.

3. By the great "Manifestations of God" the Bahais mean the founders of the great religious systems of the world, whom they claim are the moral educators and trainers of the human race.

4. That these great Manifestations or Founders have been Zoroaster, Moses, Jesus, Krishnu, Buddha, Mohammed, and Laotze, or Confucius.

5. That the true Oneness of God is the Oneness of these Manifestations, and that the spirit, the reality, of all of them has been one and the same reality, and that this is the true meaning of the Gospel statement "He is the Alpha and the Omega," that is to say, He is the first one and the last one, the same in every one of His Manifestations.

6. That all of these have indicated the coming of a universal, or world Manifestation of God, so to speak, "A Synthetic Avatar" to unite the world and establish universal peace and brotherhood at the appointed time.

7. That this Universal manifestation, being the fulfillment of the Scriptural promises, found each of these great religions could necessarily explain and prove the truth and validity of all religions and vindicate and demonstrate the correctness of the spiritual teachings of all of the prophets of the past and so rear the great temple of universal faith upon earth.

8. That, consequently, the method of teaching followed by Baha, by Abdul Baha and by all the competent and qualified teachers of the movement, is to first confirm the followers of each prophet in their own faith, and through the explanation and spiritual interpretation of their own Scriptures lead them into the universal kingdom and brotherhood.

9. That that universal kingdom, or brotherhood, is a Spirit, the spirit of love, of truth and of freedom, and that

it is, therefore, not capable of organization, in the sense that it is not and cannot be dogmatic and a hard and fast body of doctrines, but that each one must become conscious of the spiritual reality for himself and to the measure of his own capacity. To quote the words of Abdul Baha on this point: "The Bahai Revelation is not an organization. The Bahai Cause can never be organized. The Bahai Revelation is the spirit of this age. It is the essence of all the highest ideals of this century. The Bahai Cause is an inclusive movement: the teachings of all religions and societies are found here. Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Mohammedans, Zoroastrians, Theosophists, Freemasons, Spiritualists, etc., find their highest aims in this Cause. Socialists and philosophers find their theories fully developed in this Revelation."

In this connection the Bahais explain that the impossibility of organizing the Bahai Cause does not mean that the people cannot organize and coöperate for the accomplishment of the work of the Cause.

What at the present time will prove of interest not only to the people of the United States, but also to the people of other countries that have been dragged into the conflict of war, are the remarkable claims made by the Bahais, that the events which are now transpiring on this globe are a plain and unmistakable confirmation of their teachings. There are those, perhaps, who will challenge the claims of the Bahais in this respect, but the latter hold firmly to their opinions and offer proof for their assertions. After Abdul Baha had been released from prison in the City of Acca, where he had been confined for a period of forty years, he visited this country in 1912. It was through the order of the Young Turks movement that the noted prisoner was released. Prior to his coming to the United States Abdul Baha spoke in St. John's Chapel at Westminster Abbey, and at Dr. R. J. Campbell's church. The Persian teacher reckons Canon Wilberforce and Dr. Campbell among his personal friends. He remained in America from the early part of 1912 until August or September, when he returned to the Orient. While in this country Abdul Baha made many

friends and gained many followers for the Cause. He spoke at the Lake Mohonk Conference, at the Leland Stanford University, and at a number of prominent Christian churches and Jewish Synagogues. He also delivered addresses before numerous philosophical and metaphysical societies. His hearers were much impressed with his teachings and his discussion of universal religion and the gospel of unity.

Shortly before his departure and before our national election, Abdul Baha requested one of the Bahais who happened to be dining with him to describe the three presidential candidates. After the great religious teacher had listened to a fair, impartial and sympathetic description of each, he remarked with a determined emphasis and in a voice which his hearers will long remember:

"Wilson is the man."

Previous to that occasion and while he was visiting the Pacific Coast, Abdul Baha was asked by one of his disciples as to the outcome of the Balkan War, which was raging at that time, and if that war marked the end of struggle between nations for all time to come. Abdul replied to his questioner that the Balkan War would be settled, but that it would leave a spark that would explode the powder magazines of Europe and bring on a world conflict, which would commence in 1914. Accordingly, the prediction of Daniel and the writer of the Book of Revelations was soon to be fulfilled, according the belief of the Bahais. When Abdul Baha said: "Wilson is the man," he had in view the great coming world war.

Strangely enough, events have shaped themselves just as the great Teacher from the Orient predicted, and his followers are becoming more and more convinced that "Wilson is the man" for the situation. In order to comprehend thoroughly the prophecy of Abdul Baha, it will be necessary to detail somewhat the teachings of the Bahais about the Great Peace, and this will prove that our President is strangely following the Bahai programme.

It is now more than sixty years since Baha'o'llah laid

down the conditions of " The Most Great Peace " as follows:

1. Certain rulers would agree together and call a conference of representatives of the nations.

2. At such conference they would keep steadily in mind that means must be provided to enforce the peace after it was agreed on.

3. That the purpose would be to establish a union and understanding between the democracies of the world under such a treaty, or compact, as could not be evaded.

4. That not merely the rulers or their representatives were to be consulted, but that the corroboration of the whole human race must be secured, by having the terms of the agreement referred back to the various peoples or nations, to be voted on and ratified.

5. That having been so ratified it would become the duty of the United Powers of the World to see that its provisions were enforced and made perpetual.

6. That at this conference the boundaries of the different States were to be defined and fixed.

7. That a code of international laws was to be established, an international commerce law, under which the customs and practices of the various States would be regulated.

8. That a regular supreme court for the world was to be established and all questions between nations settled by orderly procedure before such court.

9. That the size of the armies and navies of each State was to be fixed and limited and an international force established for the policing of the world.

10. That if any of the States joining this compact refused to abide by the decisions of the International Court, it would become the duty of the remaining nations and of the people themselves to act in unison to exterminate the rebellious State, that is, to terminate its national existence, and divide it among the other nations.

The above-mentioned programme has been partially carried out by President Wilson, according to the belief of the Bahais. It is their claim that when the President invited the neutral nations to join with him in terminating the war

and enforcing peace, the first step in the Baha schedule was being taken. Since the belligerent countries rejected the President's proposal and our country by force of circumstances was compelled to enter the war, Mr. Wilson delivered his memorable address to Congress. That address has now become a world-famous state paper which generations from now, or as long as the Republic of the United States will exist among the nations of the world, will rank alongside such historical documents as the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's address at Gettysburg.

The followers of Abdul Baha hold that the President's message means that the United States is putting itself in a position to use its voice and influence in the carrying out of a programme which would result in an agreement between the free peoples of the earth and the securing of freedom for the world, which is the very essence of the programme outlined by Baha'o'llah. The Bahais want the President to bear one all important factor in mind and that is that this great compact should be a people's compact through a world referendum, and not a mere gentlemen's agreement among kings.

Another belief of the Bahais is that the United States has been chosen and is being used as the instrument to carry out God's will and that the Statue of Liberty, which stands at the great gateway of the North American Continent, holding aloft the torch that signifies light and freedom, is to become more than a hope, for it has been stated by Abdul Baha himself that the light of truth shining from this country would illuminate the world.

Abdul Baha is sincere in his hopes that our country will prove eventually to be the standard bearer of universal peace and his hopes are plainly indicated in the following prayer, written by himself, for the American Government and the Flag:

"O God! O Thou, who art the confirmer of every just power and equitable empire in the eternal glory, everlasting power, continuance, steadiness, firmness, and greatness, strengthen by the abundance of Thy mercy every govern-

ment which acts righteously towards its subjects, and every dominion given Thee which protects the poor and weak by its flags.

" I ask Thee by the abundance of Thy Holiness, and that of Thy Bounty, to assist this just government, which hath stretched out the ropes of its tent to far and wide countries, and the justice of which hath manifested its proofs throughout the handsome, inhabited and flourishing regions thereof.

" O God! Strengthen its soldiers and standards; give authority and influence to its word and utterance; protect its territories and dominions; guard its reputation; make its renown widely spread; divulge its traces and exalt its flag by Thy conquering power and wonderful might in the Kingdom of creation.

> " Thou art the confirmer of whomsoever Thou willest!
> Verily, Thou art the Powerful and the Almighty! "

The Bahais are firm in their conviction that the great world war was accurately predicted by the prophets and that the struggle should come to a head this year, before the end of which one might look for peace. As a further support for their claims they say that the year 1917 is the last year mentioned in prophesy. In the Book of Daniel it is written, " Blessed be he that waiteth and cometh to the one thousand, three hundred and thirty-fifth year." The year 1335 after the hegira, and after the setting up of the abomination that maketh desolate, foretold by Daniel and the surrounding of Jerusalem by armies, mentioned by Jesus, is our year 1917.

Among the sure signs of the accuracy of the Bible prophecy the Bahais mention the invitation of this government to the neutral nations to join with it in an alliance for an enduring world peace; the entrance of this country into the war for the openly declared purpose of forming a compact between the free nations of the earth to secure that peace and the freedom of the world; the democratization of Russia over night; the conference recently carried on between the prominent leaders of three great nations in this country to lay the foundations for ending this war and securing this peace; the world-wide sentiment in favor of such an understanding be-

tween the free peoples of the earth; and the rapidly growing sentiment in Germany to convert that absolute monarchy into a republic.

Although the followers of Abdul Baha say that no one can predict the future save those that are empowered by God, it is their strong belief that the present war, which has set the world afire, will be settled and the foundations of peace laid before the expiration of 1917. They also believe that the period of readjustment following the close of the war will be accompanied by social upheavals and that it will take some little time before the sun of perfect peace will shine from a cloudless sky. The hope is expressed that after the coming of the Millennium or the Elysium Emperium no nation on earth will ever find a blot on its national escutcheon.

RESTLESSNESS

O. C. A. Child

I'VE played so long with oh, so many things!
The driven ball that left the singing strings
Of tennis racquet: The light, swinging oar
That sculled my boat from out the sheltered shore.

The booming punt that settled in my arms
To be run back: I've known the woodland charms,
Companioned by a fishing-rod or gun,
Of birch-lined vistas tramped in rain or sun.

Too long I've known these playthings of a whim;
The mirthful music stills, the note is grim:
My heart-strings call to strike a deeper cord—
I fain would lay my hand upon the sword!

THE NEGRO COMES NORTH

KINGSLEY MOSES

NOTE: The negro has come North, in hundreds of thousands. What is to be done with him? How may society assimilate him? Frankly, we do not know. The problem is too big, too complex, too new. Comment and suggestion will be most welcome. We urge the readers of THE FORUM *to express their opinions upon this problem—perhaps the most important internal social problem of the day.*

IF within the space of six months every man, woman, and child should leave the city of Boston and wander away to the ends of the earth, so startling an exodus would occasion the most excited comment. If Baltimore, or either of the great states of Oregon or Maine were similarly deserted, there would arise a world-wide sensation. Yet since late last summer no less tremendous a migration, numerically at least, has been going on in those states of the old South bounded by the Potomac, Ohio, and Mississippi. For the most conservative figures estimate that during this comparatively short time between six and seven hundred thousand negroes have left their native homes and trailed northward in a straggling, haphazard, but never ending stream.

Why have they gone? And where? What will they do?

There is a well-known story to the effect that a certain Southern negro, ancient, cold and penniless, knocked without success at half a hundred doors of a certain Northern city, begging for food and shelter. Finally chance brought him to the modest cottage of an old Virginian. The door was opened by the "Cunnel" himself. At sight of the negro, a negro actually daring to knock at his front door, the Southerner exploded. "Yuh, yuh, black, good for nothin' wuthless houn'," he roared, "get on 'roun to the back do' an' yuh'll find a place to eat an' sleep." To which the negro replied: "Thank Gawd, I'se home again." And there is more truth than fiction, more pathos than jest in the anecdote, applied, as it is, to the typical Southern negro.

Way back in 1620, the very year of the *Mayflower* and of the first permanent settlement of the country, a Dutch ship, loaded to the decks with a cargo of unfortunate blacks who had been snatched up and spirited away from their

jungles along the Guinea Coast, touched at Jamestown, Virginia, and sold several of its prizes to the cavalier settlers of the early colony. From that time almost until the outbreak of the War of the Secession the trade continued. The emancipation proclamation and the cessation of hostilities found most of these unhappy people—unhappy at least from the standpoint of humanity—but a generation or two removed from savagery, or even cannibalism; and but three generations have passed since that time.

With these facts in memory it is little wonder that the negro, as a race, has had little time to find himself, to adjust himself to white standards, and to reach up to white ideals. What he has been able to accomplish is all the more remarkable. In the North, where race feeling is less strong, and where the negro has been until this time an almost negligible factor in society, the advance has been pronounced and really noteworthy. But in the whole of the South, and particularly in those most typically Southern states, South Carolina and Mississippi, where the negro outnumbers the white, there appears to have been comparatively little progress. Many negroes have become landholders, it is true; in Atlanta, Birmingham, and other of the larger cities, substantial blocks of buildings are held by negro owners; but, in the large, toward nine-tenths of the negro race south of the Mason-Dixon line the old attitude of the white man during slavery days still exists. The negro, generally, is absolutely dependent upon the white man for food, warmth, and shelter. He knows it, and accepts the fact.

WELL-TO-DO ON TWO DOLLARS

Living costs him practically nothing. His food is supplied by the "white folks" to whom he has attached himself, sometimes as tenant farmer, sometimes as servant, more often simply as nondescript hanger-on. Clothing, too, comes from his benefactors, and there is always some kind of a cabin, shack, or tumble-down barn where shelter may be found. At a recent session of a police court in a small Southern city, Spartanburg, S. C., three young negro girls

were before the bar charged with petty larceny—picking up coal from a railroad's right of way. When questioned as to their means of livelihood the girls answered successively: "I washes an' irons foh white folks." And when it materialized that each of the girls had an income of from a dollar and a half to two dollars a week the second charge of vagrancy, which had been preferred against them, was dismissed, the magistrate remarking that they seemed to be pretty well off, and the girls nodding vigorous concurrence with his judgment.

Such has been the situation for generations. The negro in the rural districts and small towns of the South, knowing nothing of any other way of life, has no ambitions; indeed, as the days of the Ku Klux, the Red Shirts, and other less well-ordered bands of vigilantes demonstrated during that shameful period of our national history so sardonically termed "Reconstruction," ambition was for the negro distinctly a dangerous thing. Naturally happy, care-free, and good-humored, the negro has seemed perfectly satisfied with his lot, and has grinned and laughed all day, and sung and wandered the country-side all night from decade to decade. And, remember, the Southern negro is never surly and seldom dangerous—never indeed unless driven mad by the vile liquor of the "blind tigers." Whether or not he is unjustly treated is a question—although not a question for discussion by those knowing nothing of living conditions in the South—but at any rate he seems, or has seemed until this past year, perfectly content.

And now suddenly, yet withal so quietly that little heed has been given, the negro begins to move; not individually or apparently thoughtlessly, but deliberately and by the hundreds of thousands.

Late summer and all the winter saw a steady procession of negroes, big and small, old and young, strong and feeble, man, woman, and child pouring north through the great Union Station at Washington. Here an old "uncle" tottered along under his tightly stuffed pack, fashioned clumsily out of an old bed quilt. Behind him was a vigorous young

couple, black as the native Hottentot, trailed by three stumbling youngsters; the woman with a well-wrapped pickaninny at her breast, the man sturdily lugging two heavy straw portmanteaus. Half a dozen mulatto girls, gaudy in the discarded finery of white mistresses, followed, grinning and giggling, pointing at the magnificence of the huge station and venting awed murmurs of: "Lawdy," "Ain't it gran'," "Mah soul," etc. Then more children, groups of robust men, and whole families laden with trunks, bundles, parcels, and baskets. Morning after morning, evening after evening the motley procession streamed by. And very few returned.

There were, at the time of the last census, approximately ten million negroes in the United States. Seven million or more of these lived in the South proper—south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi. Of these six hundred thousand, or at least six per cent, have moved North. Good reasons there must have been for any such general migration.

And, as always, the real reason for the movement was economic. There is precious little fact in the wild tales of general terrorism and habitual bullying and maltreatment that have, from time to time, shrieked themselves forth from certain news columns. The negroes came, and still come, because they could scarcely make a living in the South while work was abundant in the North.

THE MISCHIEVOUS WEEVIL

Several years ago, over twenty in fact, a noxious little insect commonly known as the Mexican boll weevil, ferried himself across the Rio Grande in some devious manner, and laid his maggotty blight upon the cotton fields of southeastern Texas. The Southerner, ever unconcerned and careless of the future, made at first little effort to check the advance. Texas and Louisiana said: "Oh, well, the Federal Government will soon find a way to stop him." The rest of the cotton states echoed: "Of course it will, see what is happening to the potato bug, the cattle tick, and the plague

rats of New Orleans. Anyhow, the weevil can never swim the Mississippi." And yet that is exactly what he did do. Not only did the relentless and devastating little pest jump the big river, but he spread himself fast and far over Alabama and Georgia as well, got a firm foothold in Tennessee, and is even now hovering upon the borders of South Carolina with his tiny gray snout pointed directly toward the very northerly rim of the cotton belt of Virginia.

And with the coming of the weevil and the destruction of the cotton crop there suddenly disappeared the means of livelihood of the great mass of the negroes. Where once fifty hands had been needed for an hundred acre cotton plantation now five or six able-bodied men are amply able to take care of an even larger stock or grain farm. With his big cash cotton crop gone, the planter could no longer provide food for the families of his negro tenants; and the store-keepers, of course, unanimously refused credit. The tenant farmer could no longer secure provisions on tick from the merchant on expectations of the forthcoming crop; the planter could no longer obtain a credit from his bank on prospective cotton earnings; for there was no cotton, there was no crop, and there could be no earnings.

But it took a long time, both for the landlord and for his tenants to realize this. Many of the great planters have held their lands from generation to generation; some by Royal Grant of English kings, long, long before the backwoodsmen of Nathanael Greene swept Ferguson, Tarleton, and Lord Cornwallis from the crest of Kings' Mountain, and little Andy Jackson, a tough little tyke of twelve years, thumbed his nose in the face of the Britishers. The Civil War, indeed, wiped out the cash savings of the aristocracy of the South; but it could not make sterile the rich lands of the valleys and the rolling uplands. And the cotton sprouted in '65 just as it had sprouted in '61, and brought wealth with its harvesting. But now that the cotton was gone what was to be done? That was the question, the unanswerable question of the landlord. Naturally the negro suffered.

Then, as if by a chance stroke of Providence, came the sudden and frenzied demand for labor in the Northern industrial plants. Necessity knew no law; and, even though it was contrary to the statutes of many Southern states to solicit or export labor, there were plenty of hardy individuals who were willing to risk a heavy fine and probable jail sentence in order to supply their employers with the legions of unskilled labor absolutely necessary for the filling of war orders, the construction of railroads, and the laying down of highways. And these labor agents swarmed over the South as busily and quite as noiselessly as an army of predacious ants.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

The most enticing offers were extended to the eager and open-mouthed negroes. Promises of a dollar and a half a day, two dollars—even more—unheard of wealth indeed—were made; long green railway tickets bearing the magical names of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Pittsburg were thrust into willing hands; for the negro loves the new and strange even more than he loves his home heath—for a time. Less honorable means even were employed, certain roughly printed dodgers having brought to the attention of writer the engaging fact that a small town in southern Pennsylvania offers to the negro the hospitality of five saloons, two free dance halls and street cars without Jim Crow restrictions. The particular dodger did not mention the fact, however, that within the past few years a negro had been burned to the stake in that very community.

Some of the labor agents fell victim to the laws against peonage in effect in several of the states, but they were merely the pawns of great industrial and economic necessity, and the work went on unabated. It was a rare day that did not see on the forward end of the platform of any Southern station—the end nearest the place where the negro passenger car would pull in—a small group of big-muscled, white-toothed darkies clad in cheap store clothes or in brand new overalls, and burdened with any bundle from a well stuffed

bandana handkerchief to a canvas trunk bound about with rotten rope. And few of these darkies, when cross-examined by the local police officers, were so poorly coached as to admit that they had not purchased their tickets with their own money, so evading the law against transporting labor.

The Underground Railway was again operating; though its passenger agents bore little resemblance to those great-hearted fanatics of the old Slavery days.

Later came the exodus of women and children, a gay and colorful enough sight to the casual observer, but a sight deeply significant when one considers that the lower class of the negro man does not burden himself with a family when merely wandering aimlessly about the country in search of the new and strange. These negro women and children were going away from the homes of their people to try to find their places in the great and unknown hives of the North. There is a hard time ahead for these simple folk; for, as so keen an observer as Julian Street has said: "The South loves the individual and hates the race; the North loves the race and hates the individual." How will these individuals, ignorant and gullible women, helpless little children, fare among strangers?

LYNCHING AND TERRORISM

The simple laws of supply and demand underlie the whole question, furnish practically every explanation for a movement of people twice as great as the whole immigration to the United States during the past calendar year. But there are, of course, some few sparks of truth in the tales of injustice and maltreatment which the negro has experienced. A thoroughly trustworthy and highly respected negro, the Reverend Richard Carroll of South Carolina, gives several instances of negro farmers who have been threatened with bodily injury unless they left the state. Mr. Carroll's testimony is certainly veracious, and being directed at white farmers who live in the vicinity of Abbeville, S. C., where there occurred last fall a particularly atrocious and inexcusable lynching, are a grave reflection upon certain

elements of the Southern people. But it is not the decent white man who is guilty of this sort of thing; only the lowest type of shiftless and good-for-nothing poor white descends to the detestable blackguardism of terrorizing innocent and helpless negroes. To such a specimen of the white race all progress by the black is a personal insult. The negro is making an honest living next door, and prospering; while the white man is pauperized, whiskey soaked and pellagra ridden. Venomous terrorism is to such a white man the natural recourse. But this sort of thing is rare even in Georgia, where the "cracker" is probably of the most primitive and illiterate type, and where almost a third of the lynchings of the whole of the United States during 1916 took place. The general and fast growing enlightenment of the South will surely soon wipe out whatever of lawless spirit may remain; and the evidence of the feeling toward fair dealing with the colored race is best illustrated by vigorous and rigorously condemnatory protest against lynchings by those very newspapers which a few years since covered up or condoned race massacres. There cannot again occur such a reign of terror as took place in Atlanta but a few years ago when scores of negroes—it can never be known just how many—were slaughtered in the streets.

Whether the negro is now better off in the North than in the South cannot be ascertained with any degree of exactness as yet. His advent in such numbers is too recent. But it is a serious problem that may confront the Northern municipalities when the exaggerated demand for labor subsides. What will the negroes do then? How will the cities take care of the thousands of colored people now engaged in labor that can be at the best but temporary?

THE NEGRO AND ORGANIZED LABOR

The authorities in control of the organized labor elements of the country frown upon the negro in the skilled industries. It is doubtful that the negro can affiliate with any, save one of two, of the branches of union labor. In Philadelphia, for example—a town that shows an astounding

increase in its colored population—a negro may be employed to prepare the roadway for the laying of a car line, but may not himself place the rails. The North, save in a very few isolated instances, does not countenance the employment of the negro as a waiter in hotels and clubs—a single house in Boston is, to the writer's knowledge, about the only first class hotel that still maintains negro service in its dining rooms. Domestic service, it is true, is open to negro women; but the employment agencies report a comparatively small demand. Public service in police or fire departments is practically closed to the race, only a handful of negro policemen being employed in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston; and these only in solidly negro districts. The army and navy have room for a few colored men, but prior to the outbreak of hostilities only practically perfect specimens of manhood were considered, and the literary tests bar out the great majority of the applicants. The roughest kind of manual labor in the streets and along the docks is open, and presumably will continue to be open to the colored man; and this may be his ultimate resort if foreign immigration is effectively choked off after the war.

In the large, therefore, the opportunity for continual employment at a living wage is the most serious question the negro must face if he is to remain in the North. And if he cannot get work what is he to do? How will the cities handle him? Not, it is to be hoped, as many of them handled the unemployment problem in the winter of 1913-14, by shunting the able bodied pauper from town to town.

Of the negro's ability to endure the Northern climate there has been some apprehension, but, on the whole, this does not seem to be a factor for serious consideration. The colored man is notoriously susceptible to pneumonia and tuberculosis; but the black death rate of almost any Northern city is far more moderate than in even the most up-to-date Southern town, due probably to the infinitely better sanitary arrangements and provisions. It is no exaggeration to estimate that three negroes die of typhoid in a Southern town for one that succumbs to pneumonia in a Northern city of

corresponding size. Charleston, S. C.—an extreme case it is true—had in 1910 a colored death rate of 37 in a thousand, while Coatesville, Pa., had a black death rate of but 8 in a thousand.

All evidence goes to show that the negro in proper environment will prove a worthy, peaceable and industrious citizen. The record of the race as a race has been an excellent one, and the North may well profit by the negro's presence; while the South too benefits, as the difficulty of the race problem is lessened by the withdrawal of the surplus colored population. But it is for the North to open to the negro enough fields of labor to provide him with the opportunity for a decent livelihood. That done there need be no serious misgivings concerning the colored migration.

PRIDE

LOUREINE ABER

THE women are wearing gay colors this year:
As flowers to a granite hill,
They to the khaki.
I have not asked them why, I only see
Perhaps they see,
How red young blood is, flowing;
How stripped young trees are, dying.
I only see frail summer
With her soul out to the guns—
Gay colors for hope when the promise is low?
I waiting, and death waiting,
Arm in arm will we go,
When the sharp word comes,
The sharp, single word
That lays my soul out to the guns.
Gay colors for life when the hope is low?
Perhaps
(God hid much in the hearts of women),
Perhaps it is pride, fierce, tribal pride
For their manhood, their honor.

COMPENSATIONS OF A GREAT WAR

EDWARD REINHOLD ROGERS, M.A., Ph.D.

FATHER TIME may well be regarded as embodying most of the traits of worldly wisdom, and he has earned this reputation chiefly by his insistence upon perspective. The poet's appreciation of the distance that lends "enchantment to the view" is but one ancestral trait that the singer inherited from the greatest of all the world's minstrels, old troubadour Time. Chronos, as the Greeks named him, has never been near-sighted, and those mortals that have most nearly approximated the true wisdom which stands the test of time have all been notable for their sense of perspective. Take ancient Moses, for example. Consider how wisely he looked upon the promised land, not from the near shore of Jordan, but from the high and far peak of Pisgah. Thus looking widely upon a distant land he grasped more of its realities and knew more of its true goodness.

It is preëminently so in the field of historical study, wherein not a record is weighed, but in the scales of time; and not a gem of thought or deed is set in final appropriateness until the ancient lapidary Time has ground off its rough crudities and set it in the gold of historical perspective.

With this basis for attempting an understanding of a great period in our American history, we may hopefully expect, now that fifty years have passed, to find a viewpoint that will offer an intelligent basis for an interpretation of the social and economic meanings of our great civil war. When, long after their physicial scars have ceased to burn, the soul-wounds of those who fought the battles have been healed, then at last the prejudices and bitternesses that long fogged the historian's glasses have passed and left his vision comparatively clear.

The last ten years of American history have been notable not only for material growth but even more for the decadence of former sectionalisms and for the consequent growth of a

real national spirit and of a truly homogeneous citizenship. This development has not been confined to any one section of the country but has been an almost uniform tendency; nor has it been refuted by the occasional fanaticisms that individual bigots have kept alive by politically strategic wavings of the outworn "bloody shirt," any more than the arrival of day is refuted by the untimely howlings of belated night prowlers caught out of their natural darkness by the rising sun. Despite these anachronisms America has grown in unity, and it has been healed of the bitterness and dissension that followed the great war between North and South. A conclusive proof of this new nationalism was found when the men of the Southern States volunteered in large numbers for national service at the time of the Spanish war.

So it is possible now to feel the pulsation of the new citizenship in the United States; and, in that wholesome unanimity of national consciousness, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Very probably no single social product of the Civil War is so laden with rational bases for finalities as is the development, especially in the South, of a vigorous enthusiasm for the nation. One of its results is that national solidarity without which America's participation of the present great struggle would not only be futile, as an aid to the Allies, but would also be fraught with the gravest dangers to the American people. Thanks to the healing hand of time, however, these dangers do not exist; for none but a self-blinded bigot can know the good fellowship of the surviving wearers of the blue and of the gray and not know that a new citizenship has been born and that the old sectionalism is as obsolete as the paleozoic trilobite.

It is therefore not altogether impossible now for a comparatively scientific view to be taken of the deeper social and economic meanings of our great war between the States. Some of these we shall consider here; but it should be first understood that these social and economic meanings are to be considered purely as actual factors in the life development of the South, and without relation to doctrines of constitutionality or to policies, whether of secession or of fed-

eralism. In a word, we are attempting to show, if we be fortunate, some of the scientific realities of the conditions left by the war, and not at all to consider opposed doctrines of statesmanship.

To the white people of the South the most obvious disadvantage of slavery lay in its tendency to eliminate all possibility of a white working class. Aside from any element of moral wrong in slavery as an institution, the great blight of slavery upon the South was its damnation of labor, its blasting the wholesome and normal willingness to work with the hands. Take from any people or tribe the appreciation of the dignity of work and that people becomes progressively a top-heavy aristocracy of idleness or an oligarchy of mischievous activities. So it was with Sparta. Surrounded with an outnumbering multitude of Helot slaves, who rapidly became the drudges of the nation, the proud Spartan tribe worked its will upon the underlings, who exacted from their masters, by the just necessity of the universe, the bitter price of the withered working hand. So, too, the Romans, surfeited with the conquest of the world, sat down in luxury to live lives of ease in a metropolis whose work was done chiefly by captives and other slaves; and the descendants of Cincinnatus and of other hard-handed workers of the simpler days became easy victims of the fresh and virile tribes that poured from the north into the fertile plains of Italy.

In precisely the same way the southern states of America, while thriving temporarily and unnaturally by the aid of the thousands of their slaves, were suffering the dry-rot and the paralysis that very nearly culminated in the extinction of their laboring class. The war left the South shocked by the political amputation of its left hand of negro labor, and at the same time threatened with the withering of its good right hand of white labor. Because many forms of work had grown to be regarded as fit only for negroes, the whites had learned to consider these vocations as beneath their proper dignity and as a degradation; and generally they could not be induced to do such work as is regarded, in all free communities not encumbered with a subservient

race, as at least honorable and compatible with true personal and racial dignity.

Herein lay the subtle poison of slavery. Not in brutalization was its blight, for there was very little of that, outside of the exaggerated fictions of the abolitionist novels. Southern masters and mistresses exercised a far more generally kind and careful direction of their slaves than those slaves, when set free, have later found between the Potomac and the North Pole.

To the slaves their thralldom was the most blessed nursery that a primitive race ever had. A race that was ethnologically thousands of years behind the whites was, under the tutelage of the Aryans, nurtured and shielded until it has, despite many present discouraging manifestations, gained in the racial development of less than a hundred years a degree of progress that would surely have taken it, if left to its own resources, many centuries to approximate. So it was not to the slaves of the South that slavery was a dangerous evil, but to the white race there. The negro race gained; and though it came crude and raw out of Africa, it has, by virtue of the tender nurture that it received in America, grown in many hopeful aspects of material, intellectual and spiritual advancement. It was the white race that paid! Upon them fell the blight of the paralyzed hand. When manual labor became undignified among Southern gentlemen, descendants of those hardy workers who had earned fertile fields from the wilderness, when the poverty-stricken classes of the "Other children of Eve," as the Arabs name them, became in the estimation of their more fortunate brethren a class almost as despicable as the black slaves whose labors they shared, then the white race of the South was in deadly danger.

For this reason an ethnologist may find satisfaction in the surgery, harsh and even cruel though that surgery was, that saved the Southern whites from the sure ruin that stalked hard upon the atrophy of the race's power of industry. The operation was not the less beneficent, though neither patient nor surgeon understood the case; and it is

probably true that, if there was any difference of appreciation of the far-reaching influences involved, the better understanding was in the South; for many of her greatest minds saw clearly the great evils of slavery, and from Jefferson to Lee her deeply thoughtful men had wished to rid her of the dreadful incubus. In the North, on the contrary, and by a singularly unbrotherly lack of care for fellow whites, the wrong to the enslaved blacks generally obscured the greater menace to the white people of the South. Hence it was that, though the operation was not a kindly one, but was rather made painful by many an unbrotherly jab and twist, yet it was for finalities, and with qualifications, successful.

Anaesthesia, though it was understood, was not in 1860 an invariable medical or political practice. Just as in the field-surgery of our war times many a limb was amputated without an anaesthetic, so also many a political operation has lacked a similar palliative, and the patient has, in each class of operations, sometimes survived. It seems to have been historically so with the South in and after the great war. Antagonisms and prejudices are deep rooted and yield but slowly even to surgical psychology; and among a people who for generations looked down upon their laboring classes as but a step above the brute, the conception of the dignity of work with the hands grows but slowly.

Yet it does grow. Hard driven by the exigencies of the lean years after the Civil War, and rightly exasperated and irritated by the cruelties and the injustices of the Reconstruction period, the South has been learning, because of its bitter needs, its new wisdom of the old law of Adam's tribe, the tribe of workers. Very slowly are the old prejudices fading. Economic adjustment has been the first to attain even partial realization, and very much more slowly has come a social adjustment to the new standards of personal dignity and consideration for manual labor. "Hard times" taught many a family first the necessity of work, even of that elemental work whose obligato is the groan of the weary body. Then was found the satisfaction that is in real attainments

whose fruit was economic independence and material comfort; and, lastly, came the sense of personal dignity in the realization, with Carlyle, that "our grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

Of a truth the lesson is not yet wholly learned, nor is the advancement complete towards the recovery of our Anglo-Saxon birthright of self-support. Races and nations move slowly, and the perspective of popular evolution is long and winding. Therefore, the South is still very woefully handicapped by its naturally tardy elimination of the old prejudices against manual labor, especially against those forms that have been for a long time regarded in the South as the particular sphere of the negro. Illustrations of this disposition are easily found. Let us take, for example, the agricultural condition in the Southern States.

Of course there, as in all parts of America before the new Army draft bill gave a new stimulus to the hitherto unexpressed enthusiasm, of the unwarlike, for the "back to the farm" movement, the drift of labor from the farms to the cities had become one of the undoubted causes of the great increase in the cost of living; but the South has suffered from an older and more potent anti-agricultural tendency, namely, the Southern white man's prejudice against negro's work. Farms, thousands of them, in one of the great farm lands of the world, have long been cultivated but poorly, and most of the land not cultivated at all, because the young white men who should welcome farm work, whether on their own farm or for others, as a good road to self-support and independence, still too often despise this labor and refuse it because of a feeling that it is the proper work of negroes only. Behold the dark shadow of slavery that falls upon the South even as the ominous shadow of Othello fell across the couch of the fair Desdemona.

Yet the future has its promise. Even now there is one blessedly hopeful feature of our present world-war, in its new emphasis upon the fitness, the need and the truly patriotic service of farm work done by men not required for the Army;

and this national "back to the farm" movement may constitute a great step away from the old prejudice in the South.

A similar situation exists in regard to the young white women in the South. Even now there are but slight evidences of the passing of the prejudices that have lost for Southern women their most natural opportunities for self-support, namely, in employment in the various domestic services, as maids, nurses, housekeepers or cooks. So tenacious is the old feeling, that these worthy occupations are practically monopolized by negroes, with the qualification that there is a slight tendency upward in a growing willingness of white women to "accept positions" as companions—really maids—to ladies of wealth, or as matrons or chaperons by profession. This is as it should be; perhaps it is even a sprout that will grow into a good tree; but it is certainly now not the rule. More generally the unwillingness of women to work as domestics, a wholly natural and proper service for those who need maintenance, drives them only too often to the tolerable, but far inferior work in factories and stores, and more rarely to the intolerable alternative of supporting themselves by means wholly outside the pale of decency. So it still happens that many a tragedy of woman life in the South—as, indeed, in other regions not so cursed with a labor-debasing class—is traceable to the false pride that, while it requires appearances of prosperity and ease, denies the right provision of these by despising forms of work that are in themselves perfectly honorable. Again it is the long shadow of slavery!

These difficulties, which are both economic and social, are made more lasting by the continuance in the South of the same race, still chiefly as a laboring class, whose engrossment of certain forms of employment makes these taboo for whites. The cure of this disease of the body economic seems certain to be slow and wavering; but there are three strong factors of so great a latent power that, when all shall become truly coöperative, they will greatly shorten the evolution of the South's economic and social problems.

The first of these factors is education, a force whose

growth in the South is now proceeding by leaps and bounds. With better education is coming, as it will always come, a clearer understanding of the true realities of life and, among these, of the essential dignity of honest, hard work. Since the relapse during the war and after it, education in the South has grown wonderfully; very slowly in the years before 1880, and patently faster in the last thirty years. Since knowledge is an atmosphere in which prejudice dies, education is surely establishing the right of the Southern man or woman to do the honest work that he needs to do. So is labor dignified.

A second hopeful factor is found in the growth of material prosperity in the South. Out of the ashes of Reconstruction the South has revived its phenix spirit of aggressive enterprise, and this in spite of the unbelievable poverty that the war and Reconstruction left almost everywhere. Oftentimes with the help of friendly capital from the North new industries have sprung up, great factories have been built, huge funds for the promotion of business have been provided, and prosperity to an unprecedented degree is becoming general. This means better wages and other increased inducements to work; and these are fast killing the dragon of unreasonable prejudice.

A third factor, which is new in its war-time development, is the exodus to the North of thousands of Southern negroes, both men and women. These leave many a void in positions of employment; and a growing necessity, along with the higher wages which the reduced supply creates, is making an increase in the number of whites who work in the manual arts and as domestics. This opporunity is made the more appealing because of the present unprecedently high cost of living and the consequent greater need for remunerative employment.

We may, then, sum up this phase of the economic and social effect of the Civil War in the opinion that what sixty years ago appeared to be a calamity without a recompense, from the standpoint of the Southern whites, has been transmuted by the magic hand of Time into a very great upward

step for the people whom it seemed to blast; a step that was very painful, but yet was progress; a wrench that was very agonizing, yet was the force that was necessary to set free from old prejudices men who had showed the possibilities, and the reality, of the highest leadership in American affairs, and that now seem to be fairly promising an even greater leadership both in our consolidated nation and in the affairs of the world. A people it is out of whose tribulations have come many blessings, and not the least of whose gifts to the nation that now knows neither North nor South is her great son Woodrow Wilson, potent factor in the destinies of the world, the President of the United States. His high position at the helm of government means more than the obliteration of old dissensions, for it adds, to a united patriotism, the *sine qua non* of our success in the present unexampled crisis in the history of the world, the practical necessity of an economic solidarity. With these virtues America unites a consecration to the cause of democracy which will enable her to carry the friends of liberty to their ultimate triumph over the tyrannies and cruelties of autocracy. Our united possibilities in this great service may yet prove to be the harvest of joy that the American people shall reap from the seed sown with tears in our great civil conflict; and it may likewise be that similar world blessings, invisible now and unforeseen, will flow from the greater world-surgery whose agonies now torture the nations of the earth.

FOG ON THE MARSHES

ARTHUR HOAG HOWLAND

I WISH you had seen it with me
The fog on the marshes this morning:
The dull, brown meadow grass like a waveless sea,
The gleams of the still gray waters here and there,
Urged up by the tide and lying under the fog,
That stretched, a delicate, silver drapery

Over the wide, wide wastes;
And, mystically, through all,
Haunting hints of the sun—
A gleam there, low in the sky above the fog,
A glimpse here, caught through its white and feathery folds,
A drop of dull, gray gold in the vagrant streams.

And nothing was ended or fixed or understood:
Infinite, measureless blades of the dead, brown grass,
Fading from near to far, from sight to dreams
And guesses under the mists;
Infinite reaches of silver fog, where the soul
Might wander and dream in a bodyless, aimless quest,
Hidden from noise and glare and the weights of toil;
Endless paths of the still, smooth streams,
Leading to what delights there, lost in the clouds!
Friends of the dryads and nymphs, hearing a soundless song,
Whispering low with blithe fairies and little gnomes,
Getting on terms with the queer little lives of the sea,
The fishes and shell things and, here, in their grassy beds,
Tenderly watching the mites that have gone to sleep.
And who shall say what secret of higher things,
What voices of angels and spirits of just men, dead,
What echoes of silver music a long time hushed,
What glances over the slanting beams of the sun,
What secrets of love and glory the day might give!

Endless peace, and an endless mystery!
I wish you had seen it with me
The fog on the marshes this morning:
Filmy, feathery, phantom waves of mist,
Kissing the grasses and waters, and, here and there,
Soft, dull hints of the sun,
Over the wide, wide wastes.

THE NEWSPAPER DOLDRUMS

By a Newspaper Man

TO every business or institution there comes a time when further progress is possible only along new and untried lines, when the old means and methods of advancement have been utilized to their limits. That time has arrived for the newspapers of the United States and Canada. The era of growth which began with the inventions of telegraph and fast printing presses has come to a close with the general utilization of the telephone and modern apparatus for typesetting, illustrating and stereotyping. The yellow journal and the sensation monger, while they still interest the people, have ceased to startle and amaze and the public is getting its thrills at the movies. The things that recently were new have acquired the status of commonplaces and no longer draw an increasing patronage. Any increase of business must be from causes outside rather than inside the newspaper offices. It is true that more city people are acquiring the newspaper habit and that the rural free deliveries have made the daily papers accessible to new constituencies, but neither of these conditions means growth from within though both conduce to outward expansion.

Certain latitudes at sea are called the doldrums. In them, ships encounter frequent calms, squalls and light baffling winds, and craft for long periods may be nearly motionless or tossed about aimlessly while they get no whither. Figuratively, our newspapers are in the doldrums, while the officers and seamen cast about for means of escape, that again they may sail before the breezes of progress. Editors are trying experiments as various as the temperaments and intelligences of the experimenters, only to find that they catch light baffling winds. The rest of the time is spent in calms and squalls while the papers achieve no real advancement. This must continue till some genius charts a new course and starts the papers on another voyage of advancement.

Mechanical inventive genius made the last newspaper

development era possible. The purveyors of news demanded increased facilities and eagerly took advantage of the devices which were offered in response to their demands. Just now, there is no definite demand for any newspaper inventions. Whether the next period of development shall depend upon mechanical genius or on some psychological appeal to the public it is useless to speculate. The change of tactics will be dictated by the type of genius of the man who gives the changed impetus.

The most recent phase of newspaper development is the colored supplement, something that was conceived in the brain of Morrill Goddard, I believe, a quarter of a century ago. If he be not the inventor of the colored supplement, he at least is the man who made the idea a success. The next creator of a new newspaper idea must lead the press into as unsuspected a realm as that into which it was led by Mr. Goddard.

Meanwhile, until that creative genius appears and gives a different impulse to our North American newspapers, it may be well to consider the conditions under which he must work when he does appear. It has been noted that growth has ceased for the present. As things do not stand still, but must either advance or retrogress, the laws of Nature make it imperative that there be signs of degeneration in the newspaper field at present. The public feels and the newspaper man knows that the degeneration exists, though it is in mild form and has had only slight effect.

To a newspaper worker, the chief evil in present conditions is that of ownership and control of newspapers by men who do not know the newspaper business, and many of the other evils are directly or indirectly the results of this great trouble. The newspaper man, like the clergyman and the school teacher, is usually more scholarly than business-like. Instead of being in a position to enforce a demand for suitable recompense for his labors, he is subject to the doles of men who regard him as an ungrateful object of their bounty. The newspaper man is one of that group of people who devote their lives to education and instruction and find that the

performance of these tasks leaves no time or strength for attention to money making. A city editor, handling a staff of reporters and possibly also a staff of copyreaders, works for pay which would not tempt a foreman in a shoe factory, even though that foreman oversees the work of a smaller number of men on less difficult tasks under conditions more favorable to efficiency. The city editor or chief copyreader receives less pay than does the foreman of the mechanics in the composing room, and the reporting is done by men whose rewards are inferior to those paid to the mechanics who do the simpler duties of typesetting.

The small pay of newspaper workers forces many able men out of the profession. I am appalled when I think of the promising youths I have known who are now in other lines of work. The alert intelligence, capacity for quick and accurate thinking, and ability to keep their mouths shut, which made them promising newspaper men, are qualities which are sought in other fields of human enterprise. Their powers of observation and perception have been trained and they have learned the means and modes of expression. It is small wonder that they make good in the other task to which newspaper owners who are not newspaper men have permitted them to go.

The driving of these bright young men to seek greater rewards elsewhere is having an untoward effect on the papers. When some pessimist tells me that his paper is not so interesting as it used to be, I jokingly reply that his faculties are weakening, but to myself I admit that he is correct in his opinion, and that I know one of the reasons for the deterioration. An increasing proportion of the making of newspapers is done by men who are second-raters and will work for the pay of second-raters. Of course the papers are mediocre.

Newspaper owners who are not newspaper men may be divided into two classes. First and probably the more numerous are men who, having some money to invest, put it into a newspaper property in the same way that they would buy the stock of a railroad, a manufacturing corporation or

a mining company. Second are men with hobbies who purchase newspapers for purposes of propaganda. Men of the first group generally know that fundamental principle of success in business that the public is willing to pay for service and unwilling to pay for anything else, and their mistakes are due to lack of understanding of what constitutes service by a paper to its constituency. Men of the second group are the more harmful of the two for they are apt to prostitute their papers to the service of isms rather than devoting them to the service of the public. In addition to these groups there must be considered the individual vagaries of newspaper owners each possessed of notions as to the kind of a paper that should be issued from his establishment.

The man who acquires a newspaper as an investment is likely to have ideas as to what service he wishes the paper to perform for him as a reader, and to fall into the error of thinking that the rest of its patrons desire similar service. This was illustrated by a certain successful dry-goods merchant in a city of fewer than fifty thousand inhabitants who bought a majority of the stock in the corporation which owned one of the local daily papers. For his store he tried to have a stock of the articles which would satisfy buyers of dry goods; he studied other people's desires and tastes rather than his own, and his skill in judging the tastes of others had enabled him to achieve riches. For thirty years he had fretted because the local papers did not satisfy his desires, and now he proceeded to satisfy them, in the firm belief that what he wanted was what the public wanted.

His first change was to abolish the half-page of natural-history stories and items which had been appearing once a week and to fill the vacated space with matter clipped from the fashion papers. He explained that nobody cared for botany and birds and white-footed mice but all the women wanted to read about the fashions. The first item of his explanation revealed lack of appreciation of the fact that many people might be interested in things which did not interest himself. The second showed a mistake in judgment as to the proportionate amount of newspaper space which might

be allotted to one of the auxiliary departments outside the main work of giving the news. In a similar way, he ordered the political news cut down and more space devoted to women's clubs and other affairs for which women would buy extra clothes. His whole judgment of the things that would interest readers was based on the topics which he had heard discussed by one group of readers when in his store, a place where their attention was called to one line of thought. This narrow-minded policy had its inevitable result, the paper developed a deficit instead of surplus revenue, and he finally sold out his stock in it, and freely expressed his disgust because the people did not appreciate the paper which he had provided for them. The newspaper man learns to look for things to interest his readers in every line of human endeavor. The man with interest centered in a single direction cannot compass the variety of things which readers demand in a newspaper. With all due respect to Mr. Frank A. Munsey, Mr. Samuel S. McClure and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, I will express the opinion that their experiences as magazine publishers have not equipped them for the best and most accurate judgment of values of reading matter for newspapers. The papers which they have bought and controlled have shown the effects of acquaintance with market values of magazine copy rather than knowledge of news values, as it looks to me. There is a newspaper constituency, however, which desires magazine stuff in its paper, but it is a small constituency, and newspaper men have generally seen greater possibilities in catering to the hundred thousand rather than the hundred readers. It is by no means impossible that a magazine man who has entered the newspaper field may succeed in gathering such a constituency in sufficient numbers to make a paper profitable.

Newspaper owners not trained to newspaper work seldom appreciate the value of a column in which readers' questions are answered. The stuff looks petty to them, yet such a column performs a public service for which the public is willing to pay a profitable price. If a person is puzzled regarding a rule of Hoyle, the date of Napoleon Bonaparte's

death, the real name of some actor or actress who appears under a stage name, who struck Billy Patterson, the origin of a quotation, the precession of the equinoxes, the difference between kilowatt and horsepower, or the best way to make pea soup, that person will cling to the paper which affords help in his or her search for information. People are curious, too, about other people's problems and for this reason peruse the questions-and-answers columns diligently. More than one instance has happened, however, of a business man buying a newspaper and abolishing the questions and answers because he did not consider them worth while. Men who owned newspapers for propaganda's sake have taken the same action seemingly from motives of jealousy of what appeared to be in a measure a rival to their own hobbies. In either case, serious injury has been caused to the property value of the newspaper as a going business.

The mistakes in judgment as to newspaper values are legion if we consider only those made by newspaper men themselves, for they, like other men, are fallible, and most of their judgments must be made without time for reflection. But their mistakes are seldom so great or so numerous as those deliberately perpetrated by newspaper owners who do not know the business. The instances which have been cited might be multiplied till they covered every ramification of newspaper work.

In a certain western city, a paper newly acquired by a local business man published some political news which a prominent local politician had thought unknown outside an inner circle. The politician was a chum of the parvenu newspaper owner and promptly asked why his friend's paper printed such stuff. The owner and politician together went to the newspaper office and—finding the managing editor to be absent—proceeded to examine the filed-away copy till they found the offending article. Without first consulting either the managing editor or city editor, the owner had the reporter summoned before him and demanded to know the source of information. The first principle of professional ethics for a reporter or editor is the protection of persons who in good

faith furnish news, and the taking upon himself of any trouble which may follow the publication. The corollary to this principle is the duty to assist in bringing punishment to any who cause the printing of falsehoods. A reporter may even obtain news in such a way that it would be a wrongful breach of confidence to let the city editor or others in newspaper authority know the source of information, though such cases are so rare that I have never encountered one. In the instance here mentioned, it would have been an act of bad faith for that reporter to reveal his sources of information in such a way that the knowledge should reach the political boss who had been angered. The reporter, in his most tactful manner, inquired what was the matter with the story and was told that that was none of his business, what was wanted of him was to play the sneak and tell how he found out the facts. The reporter was a brilliant young man with prospects of a notable career in work that he loved, and was to be married in a few weeks, but he stood his ground and said that if there were nothing wrong with the story he could give no information to the politician. When the managing editor returned from luncheon, he—the man whose duty it was to employ, direct and sometimes discharge the men and women of the newspaper's staff—was informed that the most valuable reporter on the paper had been discharged without himself being consulted. The people of the city soon knew of the incident, and understood that henceforth the paper's purpose would be not so much to serve them as to avoid giving offense to various interests. People did not dare to furnish news to reporters of that paper, and the property within two years showed a deficit so great that an assessment on the stockholders was required, instead of the former handsome profits. The assessment was for running expenses, while the matter of depreciation of the plant had not been cared for.

The man who buys a paper for propaganda's sake makes a mistake for which he is apt to pay dearly. The public distrusts this particular form of propaganda to such an extent that practically no headway is made by the attempt to influence the people's thought and beliefs, while they refuse to

patronize the paper and it is likely to become unprofitable as an investment. It is both cheaper and more effective to own and publish an organ openly and definitely devoted to a propaganda than it is to attempt to graft the propaganda onto a paper which shall also publish the news. A blacksmith once remarked to me that he did not buy a certain paper because he was "afraid the news in it might be colored" to suit the propaganda with which it was identified. Open propaganda by means of an organ devoted to it does not arouse any such distrust.

Newspaper features are of two classes, those which have been found to please the public and those which are experiments in the hope of finding something which will please the public fancy. But the news, uncolored and uncensored, is the mainstay of every paper, and editorial judgment in its selection and reportorial skill in the writing are the principal things which induce the public to buy papers. And the great sin of newspaper owners who are not newspaper men is their determination that the news in their papers shall be both colored and censored to suit their ideas instead of the wishes of their readers.

The newspaper editorial page has lost its power. In the days of Greeley and Raymond, yes, of the elder Bennett, editorials were a constructive force in the development of the country and the shaping of great public policies. If such a thing can be said today of the editorials in any paper in the United States or Canada, newspaper men in general are unaware of the fact, and exception to this statement will not be made in behalf of the famous Springfield Republican or any other paper. The degenerate condition is in some degree due to the lack of suitable pay for newspaper writers and also to the dictation of editorial policy by owners who are not newspaper men, but in greater degree to the fact that the newspaper men with constructive minds find themselves compelled to devote their attention to executive work instead of to writing. The present generation of editorial writers is mostly composed of persons who show facility in amusing quips about the events of the day and the men in public life.

The easiest way to exercise such a facility is the ridiculing of something or somebody. A member of the British Parliament, who was visiting this country before the war, asked me why our editors are always peeved at something. There is enough in our government and public men for denouncing in the papers, but my English acquaintance of a day had merely observed one of the results of having editorial writing done by men who are not constructive thinkers and many of whom are not instructive thinkers.

Attempts have been made to remedy the weakness of editorial writing by the employment of experts in various lines to deal with topics affecting their specialties. An electrical engineer may write a timely article on hydraulic development, but he is practically certain to fail in connecting his theme with the particular event of the moment, and that failure means that he has written an essay which does not serve the editorial's duty of helping the reader to understand more fully the things which he has found in the news columns. The essay properly is classed as a feature article or special article to be ranked and valued with the stories of the queer and the unusual which are mostly printed in the Sunday or the Saturday evening edition.

Some of our editorial writers, however, are doing superior work at interpretative and informatory writing. Such an event as the election of Miss Rankin to Congress, the fall of Bagdad or the winter-killing of sown wheat is explained as to its bearings on present and possibly future conditions. The attendant circumstances are detailed so that the reader can form his own opinion about the whole affair. This class of editorial writing is closely akin to the questions-and-answers column, with the difference that the editor perceives the questions which must arise in the minds of the people and proceeds to answer them without being directly asked to do so. This is not the constructive writing of a Greeley who was a major force in the development of the wilderness into a civilization area and which forced the adoption of great national policies. Rather is it based on the truly democratic ideal of popular rule with the idealist fur-

nishing the people material on which to base their en-masse judgment.

The conditions here described are common to the press of both the United States and Canada. The Canadians are of similar human stock to us, are like us in a country which is only partially developed, have the same traditions as us, and their political institutions differ from ours more in form than in ideals. Their papers are necessarily of the same style as ours. Let us hope that the predicted new era of progress will come soon, and if it is first apparent in Canada rather than the United States, let no one be surprised. The brains of Canada have been stirred by the great war to more intense activity than have the brains of our country and an era of great men is due in the nation which confronts our northern border.

TO A FRIEND FALLEN FOR FRANCE

(*Alan Seeger*)

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

COMRADE, I had done well with you to swear
Allegiance to the colors of romance
In the great days when our sweet mistress, France,
Girded her loins and helmetted her hair.
I had done well to march with you and share
Heroic tests of shield and broken lance,
Mayhap to strive in the sublime advance
And fall with you at Belloy-en-Santerre.

Thus had I kept the dream inviolate
Of the divine Republic's flag unfurled
Only in just defence, and dedicate
Only to Liberty against the world.
Thus had I never trembled lest our France
Reel to destruction in the devil's dance.

SELYSETTE

Laurence Vail

I

NIGHT—summer night; leaves finely chiselled by electric flare, seldom astir, flimsy as paper wreaths; waves of air that hardly dare to break; women more sparing of their words than of their perfumes, watchful of the whim of eyes; streams of music at too close a range, swaying like the sighs of little lovesick gods.

There is a table apart from the rest, beneath some acacia boughs; white-clothed, silver-decked, lit by four lamps orange as little autumn suns. It is laid for six, but only five are present: two women and three men.

Thoughts hover about the absent one.

Most are silent, wrapt in a bored petulance; Raymond alone holds a sort of languid monologue, more for his own pleasure, it appears, than for the diversion of the others. He is slim and tall and dark, his locks too long for a favorite with daughters' mothers, too short for a studio crank. His hands are long and shapely, his fingers garrulous, but you see by the length of his nails that he is no pianist. He might be called strong did not his brown eyes waver, handsome were it not for his crooked smile. The most personal thing about him in his voice, cadenced, sinuous, elusive.

Two women—comely, the world would call them—are seated next to him: on his left Agathe d'Apremont, on his right Linette Labrac. The former is notorious for the nobility of her demeanor and the abandon of her intimate behavior, now simply swathed in black, her skin resplendent as moonlight might be on moonless nights. The latter is a less plastic houri: thin, restless, blond, and tiny, five years older than Agathe at noon though almost a decade younger when the lights are lit. To-night she is draped in fairy hues: mauve, blue, and violet. Her eyes, when she raises her long lashes, are candid as frozen glacier pools; you taunt her, and

they flash like the blades of little knives. If Agathe stirs as the moon on an impossibly black night, Linette allures and aggravates like a torch flickering through opalescent mist.

They are beautiful, fashionable, desirable, yet Raymond does not seem to see them. His indifference might be understood if Selysette were there.

Agathe, Linette too, are very quiet, a sign with them of jealous brooding. Agathe has no word for the saffron-faced man on her left, an insignificant and feeble lad, with a limpid eye and nasty wrinkles about the corners of his eyes and lips. She well knows, however, that he is Don Pedro, Prince of Valladolid, that Spain's bluest and thinnest blood flows in his veins, that Chili's fattest gold mine hourly swells his purse. Nor does Linette lavish her fascinations on Baron Rumpelheim, art dealer and financier, the owner of a priceless collection of Oriental porcelain and of two of the swiftest thoroughbreds in France.

Their eyes—all their eyes—seem fascinated by the empty chair. Selysette, bidden, has not come. Filibert Raymond, a trifle listlessly, plays variations on the common thought.

"Is it not rather futile," he is murmuring, "to fix a moth upon a single flicker, to say to a beam of moonlight: 'On this wave shall you rest, and on no other'? Surely you are sufficiently informed of the ways and whims of Selysette to know that the moth beside her is a monster of fidelity, the moon ray a too miraculous consistency. The candle's flame may singe the wings of the night butterfly, a wavelet has often been silvered by a glint of moonlight for more than a passing instant; they may be subject to a certain law, I shall go further—an uncertain lawlessness, a crotchet of moody destiny—but who has ever heard of Selysette wearing the same smile twice? Verily, Selysette is the servant of no alien mood, however intricate and lawless. No caprice has any empire over her, she queens it over all caprices. Her soul, granted she have a soul, granted there be a soul, is more fluid than the vaguest billow. You know all this—

how can you ignore it since you have never touched her, since she is everywhere but where she might be seen, since her name is on the lips of loon and clown and sage?—you know all this, and yet you are petulant because she is not in time for dinner. It seems to vex you that she should be late. And your bewilderment, when you contemplate the possibility of her not coming, contains more than a little anger."

A somewhat luscious melody swells to a fevered paroxysm. The ladies smile, charmed by his suave voice rather than by the mystery of his words. Don Pedro and the Baron show signs of weariness and boredom.

"Why seek," continues Raymond, "to imprison her within a single mood? Since she is so exquisite a riddle, is it not absurd to make her put on shoes and stockings? Be curious of her if you will; do not demand that she should sip champagne."

The Baron frowns, drawing over his sleek, receding forehead a fat bejewelled hand. It is he, you see, who is paying for the dinner. It is he who has bidden Don Pedro to the feast.

Don Pedro, Grandee of Spain, Prince of Valladolid, Knight of the Purple Rag, is sulking. He has come to Paris deeming it the nucleus of the pleasure-seeking world. The Baron, connoisseur in objects of high value, whether jewels, poodles, knick-knacks, actresses, caviare, or limousines, has undertaken the task of showing the honorable guest the most fashionable and expensive manner of squandering the gold hourly emerging from the Chilian mine. Till this night the Prince has had no reason to complain. Recollect his intrigue with Sporiadelle, the most beauteous actress on the Boulevards, entirely due to the Baron's machinations? Further, did not the Baron sell him that famous collection of Burmese porcelain, so ugly that an American millionaire of note almost went mad because his fortune was insufficient for the purchase? For a proof of the Baron's solicitude for his protégé's extravagance in the minutest details you have but to look at the cut of Don Pedro's coat, the flash of his stud,

the almost satanic hue of the orchid in his buttonhole. But now, for the first time, Rumpelheim has failed the Prince. A simple task was entrusted to him—to procure Selysette, of whom all Paris raves. And Selysette has kept him waiting; the chances are that she will not come at all.

An hour passes, good wine flows, the breath of summer sways softer than the distant purring of a cat. Don Pedro gazes less often at the empty chair, more often at Agathe. Linette stuggles with her rival for a while, then with a pout gives up the prey. She determines to fascinate Raymond. A duel ensues in which she is at a disadvantage, as Raymond has always fascinated her. Further, he looks too often at the empty chair. Though resigned to the fact that Selysette will not appear, he woos the nothing in the chair with a lover's eyes. Linette, adept at discovering the blemish in the most impenetrable panoply, pointed of tongue, and skilled to gash with clever word, begins to wish for Selysette's appearance. She finds it difficult to strive against a shadow.

Is it not odd that Agathe d'Apremont and Linette Labrac, both wives of opulent financiers, generally considered Paris's most gorgeous hot-house blossoms, should have consented to appear in public at the same table as Selysette? So little definite is known about her. One knows not in what street she lives, nor the address of her *couturière*. There are concerning her amazing rumors. Some say she makes her clothes herself. That is why Linette and Agathe were careful not to overdress. Even Selysette, should she be poor, could not vie with the simplicity of their attire. Further, there is a strange report about her parentage. Some whisper that she is a gutter flower; others that she once danced upon the stage. But these are rumors, merely rumors, probably started by jealous women. To mention them would bring a supercilious smile on Raymond's face.

Selysette, you see, is in the fashion. There is no gainsaying it, Selysette has made Paris mad. Details differ; some say that she makes her dresses, others that she goes to Poiret; some that she rolls in coin, others that she has no

more wealth than Mimi Pinson; but the essential remains true: she has caught Paris by the throat. To ignore her is impossible; her name is flying magic.

Don Pedro is eagerly bending over the dark Agathe. Rumpelheim, some time ago perturbed at the non-appearance of Selysette, sits back more comfortably in his chair. He has well eaten—all have well eaten and well drunk, save Selysette. Selysette has not touched her plate. Two hours ago her glass was filled; the golden fluid sparkles in it still. It is the only sign of her existence. Wait, there is another sign; it shines in Raymond's uncertain eyes.

The Baron smokes a huge cigar and sips a little glass of cognac. Linette tosses him a sly remark. And together—the night is so endearing—they forget Selysette.

A rustle of silk amongst the trees.

"Raymond!"

"O Selysette, at last!"

A girl in white, on her heart a whiter rose. She pauses by the table, brings the glass to her lips, drinks, snaps the stem between her fingers. A ringing laugh. A kiss blown in the air. The acacias have swallowed her again.

Voices rise, artfully disappointed:

"So this is Selysette!"

And Raymond murmurs:

"Only a little bit of Selysette for a very little time."

II

I have said that the name of Selysette was flying magic, that the joy of her clutched Paris by the throat, that the big city, all for a maid, went reeling. Verily, there was no fame like hers; no fame, I am sure, will ever be like hers. She not only outshone personages of high renown,—such as Madame Agathe d'Apremont, wife of the celebrated financier, Filibert Raymond, the sveltest idler in Paris, Gogu Puto, hero of seven murders and now up for trial for polygamy,—but she also rivalled sundry legendary characters established by lengthy custom. On more than one occasion

she had played the counterpart to Croquemitaine, and it is well known that many a waxing infant impervious to the threat of dire witches, anything but dumb before the allurements of pink candy, actually ceased to bawl in the hope that his reward might be a glimpse of Selysette. Hers also was a reputation for good humor: both the sinuous wit of intime boudoirs and the rollicking farce dear to the poorer folk. In the latter respect she outdazzled Polichinelle, and it became an error of taste to mention their names in the same breath. The misfortune of a *voyou* who called her *Mamzelle Guignol* has been dwelt on at length by the various organs of the press.

"We will not," says *Le Cri des Rues,* "venture to describe a lady whose features are so indelibly stamped on the minds of every citizen of France." Then, after some preamble, the incident was described: how Jaques Cobillard, aged fifteen, at the hour of four-thirty, on the corner of the Boulevard St. Paul and the Rue Papa, had dared insult a certain Selysette, the cynosure of Parisian eyes. The mob—here a digression on the nice conscience of the folk—had taken the law into its own hands, punctuating its indignant utterances with carrots, eggs, tin cans, stones, and other convenient missiles. The youth had been wounded in eleven places; the law had had to pursue its routine: five persons were arrested. All envied their fate, however, for were they not martyrs to the cause of gallantry?

Amongst those not present at this occurrence was Don Pedro, Grandee of Spain. It is rather idle to speculate as to his conduct had he been there, for blue blood would not and thin blood could not participate actively in a rabble brawl. At the most he might have scattered ducats with a flourish of his lean hand, and, while the mob struggled for the lucre, he might have hurried the girl into a taxi. I am of the opinion, however, that he would not have been so bold, that he would have entered the cab alone, bitterly meditating on the drawbacks of noble parentage.

The little dinner in the Bois, as might be expected, bore its fruit. Don Pedro found in Agathe d'Apremont a

fitting decoration for his person. Her husband, Count and financier, contracted with him a deal of vast dimensions, Baron Rumpelheim receiving a certain sum as his commission on the profits. As long as Agathe's fascinations lasted, all were satisfied: Agathe could patronize Linette Labrac, her dearest friend, and look haughtily at Raymond; the Baron sold an ugly plate each day for a roll of notes five centimetres thick. Agathe's charms, however, proved in the long run insufficient for the task. Selysette had flitted within the radius of Don Pedro's fancy; he could postpone but not forget her. Each day Selysette grew in fame. You could not enter the salons of *Cèline* on the rue de la Paix without seeing the dress Selysette had worn at the Grand Prix. The most opulent *Cafés de Nuit* only served Crème Selysette at twenty francs the *petit verre*. Her name was perpetually in the air, the vision of her spun like wind about one. Thus each day she grew more desirable for Don Pedro, Grandee of Spain, Prince of Valladolid, Knight of the Purple Rag. He began to think that Paris laughed at him because she was not in his box at the Opera. He grew dissatisfied, almost ashamed of Agathe d'Apremont.

One morning Baron Rumpelheim, on the point of leaving his apartment for an early lunch, receives the order to attend the *petit lever* of the Prince. He finds Don Pedro attired in orange pyjamas, reclining on a purple divan, on his brow the wrinkles of perplexity added to those of dissipation. With a gesture of his aristocratic index the Baron is motioned to a chair.

"My dear Baron," speaks the youth with the suddenness of exploding shrapnel, "I leave to-morrow for Valparaiso."

The Baron grows deathly pale. A drop of perspiration, like a melted pearl, flows down from his forehead, making no more obstacles of his three chins than his thoroughbreds of hurdles. Before Don Pedro's arrival the Baron's fortune was reckoned the seventh largest in France, now he knows it to be the fifth. I am sure his panic is comprehensible to sophisticated and unsophisticated minds.

"Only one person could retain me—Selysette. I need her. I must know her."

The Baron feigns astonishment. "You mean that you do not know her!"

"I have not seen so much as the shape of her shadow."

"I read in the *Cri des Rues* this morning. . . ."

The youth stamps his elegantly pedicured foot on the sumptuous Babylonian carpet. "What care I about the *Cri des Rues?*" he cries in a voice cross and acrid as a peacock's. "I know all that the papers know. I have even opened the *Petit Journal* to find news of her. I know what shoes she wears and the tailor who cuts her suits. I know that, whereas her jewels are unequalled on the continent, she carries with her an ordinary pink parasol when the sky shows signs of rain. They say that last week she won a swimming race at Trouville. Another sign of madness to go there so early in the season. Why did I not go to Auteuil last Sunday? Linette Labrac caught a glimpse of her at the steeplechase—I have it straight from Agathe. She did not exactly see Selysette, but the crowd around her. Naturally as soon as Linette approached, the girl had vanished. Yesterday morning she was seen dressed as a beggar selling flowers on the Buttes-Chaumont—she was recognized by her pink parasol. What a masquerade for a girl of beauty! If I knew her I would put a stop to all this folly. To think that she may lose her charm before I get acquainted with her! Why, she may even be out of fashion! My dear Baron, you must find her for me. Imagine the fall in my prestige if she did not appear with my poodles at Valparaiso!"

This rather violent outburst on the part of the puny grandee has given the Baron time for pondering. He decides that the sole solution of the difficulty is to seek Filibert Raymond, who had appeared, notwithstanding his flowery and enigmatic discourse, to possess intimate details relating to the girl in question.

The fashionable spark is discovered in his apartment in the act of stroking a large and languorous angora cat. After having interchanged suave salutations with his visitors

and learnt the object of their visit, he leads them to his window, overlooking one of the thronged thoroughfares of Paris.

"Do you see," he enquires, "that little woman crossing the avenue, having such trouble with her skirt and reticule, displaying what seems to me—an amateur compared to you, dear Prince, in tender matters—a pretty ankle? I do not say that she is Selysette, yet I am not prepared to vow that it is not her ankle. Selysette, it is true, would not wear purple stockings. Look! There are Selysette's stockings on the legs of that fat woman climbing onto the omnibus,—merely Selysette stockings, nothing more; it is evident that they can have nothing else in common. Did you see that gray limousine turning into the Rue du Cinq Septembre? Its occupants could not have eluded your observant eye. You doubtless saw a woman with fair hair—or was it red?—smiling at a gentleman who naturally is of small interest to us. That smile—I am sure you must feel it in you—is without doubt the smile of Selysette. Perhaps the dark-haired lady—or was she blonde?—was Selysette herself. I do not counsel you to follow her. The limousine is far away. Besides she might pretend to be an actress or a fishmonger's wife, which would lead to much futile expenditure of your valuable and honorable breath. Allow me now to open the window and let in the summer sun. Be assured that the same rays that fall on us are falling on Selysette. The thought brings me closer to her; it even brings her into the room; I am sure that you must feel this too. Listen! Do you hear that laughter? How it rings above the rumble of the traffic! It matters little whether it comes from that buxom flower-vendor pushing that heavy cart with her red arms, or from the English spinster blowing her nose across the way. It must awaken the same echo in you which it does in me. It must be the laughter of Selysette."

Don Pedro's saffron face grows orange as his thin and aristocratic blood mounts swiftly to his head. Mastering his temper, he informs his host in quiet tones that he is not seeking for a description of Selysette, but that he desires

her in person. He deigns further to explain that his arrival in Valparaiso will be a failure without her.

"Is it your Highness' desire," enquires the faultless jackanapes, "to wear her in your buttonhole?"

It is marvellous to witness the composure of the Prince. With a courteous nod he ignores an insolent question and thanks Raymond for his services. The Baron, fearing subsequent explosions, feeling most uncertain regarding the future of his capital, ventures a question.

"You might tell us something more about her—something more personal?"

Raymond has left the window and is one more stroking his Angora cat.

"What more personal is there in a woman than her ankles and her laughter? Perhaps it is her character you wish to know, her political opinions, her religious convictions, her philosophical ideals? To put it mystically, you are searching for the secret of her soul. In that case I feel that I am able to give you an accurate reply. Her soul, and I have studied its most secret channels and darkest crevices, differs in no way from that of Semiramis."

"Semiramis!" cries the Baron, "Semiramis!"

"Yes, Semiramis, my own, my darling, my beautiful Angora."

III

Don Pedro does not sail for Valparaiso. Under an assumed name he inserts an advertisement in seventy daily papers, forty monthlies, twenty-eight weeklies, offering a reward of indefinite munificence for any definite news of Selysette. I give you a few of the replies he peruses with his watery and vapid eyes.

78 Rue Chartreuse Bleu.

Monsieur:—Despite all that they may say—my wife, my mother, her mother, my mother-in-law, my children, my grandchildren—I am what is generally known as a good fellow. They do not understand me, they have never under-

stood me. They are of those sour-faced, hard-working, conscientious people who render virtue so unalluring to a man of taste. Am I to be blamed if in the fervor of an argument to show them the aridity of their lives I throw a dish of spinach at their heads? It is their fault, for being numerous, that I can never miss them.

Monsieur, the only lasting thing in life is pleasure. Salmon is more beautiful than pot-au-feu, champagne is more beautiful than salmon, dancing is more beautiful than champagne, love is more beautiful than dancing. Though my youngest granddaughter was married yesterday, I stand for the joy of the moment. Only one motive urges me to give you my profession of faith. I wish to win your confidence by proving my profound and practical intelligence. And now to business.

This morning, about half-past six, I left *Le Lapin Sournois* with two women of wit and beauty clinging to my arms. I was in that exhilarated disposition that causes in me excessive lucidity of mind. *Bon mots* fell as rapidly from my lips as August hail. I wish you had been there to hear me. Now, during the gray hours of the evening after, I have to ask your forgiveness if my style lacks its wonted brilliant effervescence.

Suddenly speech played me a curious trick, forsaking me in the middle of a witty epigram. I freed myself with violence from my two affectionate appendages. In a few rapid strides I crossed the Boulevard Clichy, in pursuit of the woman who has made Paris mad, but with whom, strange to say, I had never been brought face to face.

A little rain was falling and she walked rapidly, holding over her head a parasol of scarlet satin. Had she been an ordinary woman, the parasol might have seemed odd, ridiculous, grotesque. But Selysette, as you well know, is incapable of bad taste. I saw in a flash that the parasol was a cry of defiance flung to the morose sky. It made the otherwise dreary boulevard sparkle with gaiety; in fact, it was the sun itself. I forgot the pretty drizzling: rain drops became silver dew.

"Princess," I cried, walking to her side, "Princess, forgive the intrusion of one who is not worthy to help your butler on with his overcoat. I know you, how could I fail to know you? Knowing you, how could I fail to be drawn towards you? I shall not harm you. My fingers will not even press your arm. But give me a smile, a single smile to treasure in my soul, a smile to hand down as my richest bequest to my children and to my children's children."

Selysette increased her pace, gazing about her a little wildly.

"My Queen," I continued, "do not cry for help. I shall not harm you. I know that you have but to open your lips and all Paris will trample on me as on a miserable worm."

Selysette suddenly stopped.

"What do you want, Monsieur?"

"A smile. Merely a smile!"

"If I smile, do you promise to go away?"

"I promise."

She smiled. My soul was filled with ecstasy, my knees trembled, my brain spun. Then, with a wild gesture, I sought to catch her to me. I am rather vague about what happened afterwards: I saw scarlet and felt something like the blow of a cane across my face—it may have been the parasol. When I recovered my full senses it was raining heavily. Selysette was nowhere to be seen.

Monsieur, since that lamentable episode, my mind has not known a moment's peace. I am filled with insufferable remorse. It is impossible for me to understand how I could have treated so divine a creature in a fashion so boorish and uncavalier. I must have her forgiveness. I need it. It is necessary to my happiness.

Unfortunately I do not know her address. You, who have advertised in the papers, must be acquainted with it. I beg you to take pity on a miserable wretch and send it to me.

Pray accept the expression of my distinguished homages.

VALENTIN NOCEUR.

Paul Pierre Perrin,
Wholesale and retail dealer in wines,
4 Rue Castelbruyant.

Monsieur:—I am sending you on approval a sample of Crème Selysette. My Crème Selysette is the original, approved and tasted by Selysette herself. Beware, I beg you, of imitations. The mark of the firm—three P's, will always be found on the lower side of the cork.

77 Rue Jaquot Triste.

Cher Monsieur:—I know not what you are: financier, poet, manufacturer, hotel-keeper, oyster-opener, politician. . . . I am a musician. There is one thing I know: we must be twin souls. We have both a cult for Selysette. Ah! If we could talk of her together!

It will astonish you to hear that I have never seen her. I am too timid, too delicate; the shock of her beauty would kill me on the spot. But for her I have composed a waltz! And what a waltz! It is a song of triumph, a hymn of adoration, a strident wail of passion.

Monsieur, Paris must hear my waltz. I need a hall, the biggest hall in Paris, and the most talented musicians on the Continent. I count on you for the financial support. I do not tempt you by the promise of large profits—of course, they will be stupendous—but merely ask you to consider the great service you will be rendering humanity.

I am your servant and admirer,

Riri Oiselet.

3 bis Impasse Bonne Femme.

Very much honored Sir:—My name is Madame Turchot. Before I married my Alphonse, I was a *femme de ménage. Mon Dieu!* How I scrubbed the floors. But I am an honest woman. Now I am the mother of twelve children. I am still an honest woman.

My tenth—you should see the darling smile—was sitting outside the door on the ground sucking the foot of a

pink camel. My eighth was walking in the street—he is a jealous, greedy boy—my eighth, just like Alphonse. Well, he marches up to my tenth—my eighth, takes the camel from the mouth of my eighth and puts it in his own mouth. My tenth, you can imagine, begins to yell. It is a yell tremendous, a yell to pull down houses; and yet he has such pretty little toes—my tenth!

We all try to console the darling—all of us; my first, my second, my third, my fourth, my fifth, my sixth, my seventh, Alphonse, the mother of Alphonse, who has come for a visit from Pontoise. We all try to console the little darling—impossible. I pull the long nose of Alphonse, we make grimaces, we give him the spoons and rattles, I tell my neighbor to pull her parrot's tail. We cannot give him the camel's foot because my eighth has swallowed it.

Monsieur, all our efforts do not have success.

At that moment a woman in a black dress passed through the street. She stops and touched my tenth on the head. She says two words to him, and then she whispers in his ear, and then she makes a funny squeak. Monsieur, it was astonishing! My tenth he stopped the yell. He was like a lamb—the little dove, in the arms of his loving mother.

She passes down the street. That night I tell the story to the *mercière*. The *mercière* thinks. "Only one woman could do that," she says, "and that is Selysette."

Monsieur, I swear that this is true. I am an honest woman. You can ask the *mercière,* also the baker, also my old master, Capitaine Forain. Oh! I remember he died last year, but he has a daughter who lives somewhere in the Ternes. The *marchand de vin* will also tell you that I am a good woman. Do not ask the butcher. He is a bad man who gives false weight.

My tenth thanks you for the reward.

EUPHRASIE LURCHAT.

2 Rond Point Descartes.

Monsieur:—The enclosed advertisement leads me to suspect that you are one of those rare men of culture interested in the development of humanity. In that case you must

not fail to read my work in twenty-seven tomes which deals with the evolution of the superwoman. I am sending you a copy by special messengers. Should you contemplate an extension to your library I can advise no better craftsman than Henri Courvoisier, II Rue du Fauborg St. Deshonoré.

Though my book could stand as an answer to your advertisement, I have undertaken to give you a rapid precis of those chapters that apply most particularly to the case in hand.

As the title indicates, my book is study of the evolution of woman since her earliest appearance upon earth. I will not dwell on the various stages: the snail stage, the sheep stage, the parrot stage, the fox stage, nor on the specimens of that transitory period which has the types with which you are so intimately acquainted. I shall merely designate the chief traits and characteristics of the superwoman, the ultimate product of the race.

1. The superwoman is omnipotent.

2. The superwoman is omniscient.

3. The superwoman is omnipresent; she can be either visible or invisible, she is indivisible yet multipliable.

4. The superwoman, though freed from the necessities of the common herd, such as eating, drinking, sleeping, breathing, can, if it be her pleasure, indulge in these exercises without restriction. Thus, though she may not eat for seven years, she may have twenty meals in one day.

In short the superwoman is endowed with a prodigious elasticity. She might very easily be seen with Don Pedro at the races while she was selling flowers on the Buttes-Chaumont.

Till a few months ago it was my error to believe that the advent of the superwoman upon this planet would be delayed for several centuries. The most careful scientists, however, are guilty now and then of slight errors in computation. Take, for instance, the case of Theorides, the renowned Corinthian astronomer, who, by the misplacing of a decimal, came to the conclusion that the sun would explode on the 17th of April, 1438. Alack! It is seldom given to

scientists of deep philosophical order to see their theories confirmed during their lifetime. My good fortune, indeed, is almost without parallel. Above the incessant roar of the great city I hear the gnashing of my enemies' teeth, singing like sweet music in my ears. For Selysette has proved my theories beyond all confutation. Selysette is the first superwoman. She has been capable of feats of transformation and ubiquity which might be termed miraculous by minds corrupted by the evils of superstition. I have studied her smallest gesture with patient diligence. My agents have scoured Paris to find news of her. I have made careful note of her appearances and disappearances during the last three months. The record I am sending you, the record of a single day's activity, will show you that my philosophy, unlike that of my unreliable confréres, is based on accurate and patient observation.

A RECORD OF THE ACTIVITY OF SELYSETTE DURING THE SIXTH DAY OF MAY, 19—

12:15 a. m. Selysette dances the tango at *La Mince Sardine*. She is tall, blonde, dressed in flamboyant yellow. The proprietor regrets that the Parisian aristocracy was not present, owing to the earliness of the hour. Moreover, the Café was opening for the first time. The patron and Selysette baptized it with three bottles of champagne. The most elegant public is expected, for where Selysette has come once she will come again. You are advised to reserve your tables by telephone.

12:30 a. m. Selysette drinks a bock of beer at the *Café de la Paix*. Two doctors, a priest, a lady's maid, four *voyous*, six ladies of the *demi monde*, a waiter, a beggar, a newspaper seller, a bourgeois with wife, seven children, a wet nurse and a dry nurse, a soldier, a man of fashion, a chimney-sweep, a suffragette, a bishop and a ballet-dancer, remark with varied intonation on the shortness of her skirt.

12:34 a. m. Filibert Raymond, the most fashionable macaroni in Paris, sees Selysette pick the bones of seven

pigeons with extraordinary daintiness at *Le Coq Tétu,* a notorious cabaret of the *Quartier Grec.*

12:40 a. m. Selysette, with maid, poodle, and seven trunks, alights from a taxi before the Hotel Terminus, close to the Gare du Nord. Though it is late and the hotel is full, the manager, had he been awake, would have turned a number of his guests into the street to make room for the celebrated Selysette. She tips the night porter a louis and drives away. The night porter will be dismissed.

3 a. m. The proprietor of the *Rat Mort* receives a telegram to the effect that a severe headache prevents Selysette from attending a supper where she is expected by Don Pedro, Prince of the Valladolid, Knight of the Purple Rag.

3 a. m. Tristan Mélisande, poet, owner of a sumptuous garret in the Rue Acroche Coeur, Montparnasse, is serenaded by a woman who can be no other than Selysette. He is smitten with feverish inspiration, but when he has finished his sonnet eight hours after he finds to his dismay that the enchantress has disappeared.

3:15 a. m. Samuel Cochard, wholesale vendor of carrots, arrives at the Halles with three empty carts. The good man shows signs of strange exhilaration. It is gathered from his confused utterances that Selysette has stopped him shortly after midnight at the *Porte Maillot,* bought all his carrots, and paid him an enormous sum, which he has squandered wickedly in drink.

6:15 a. m. A celebrated aristocrat, whose name I am not permitted to mention, perceives, on his way home from the Abbaye de Thélème, an exceedingly tall maiden scrubbing the steps of No. 11, Rue Blanche. Discovering the girl to be no other than Selysette, he insists on doing her work for her himself. Whereupon Selysette, with a gracious smile, surrenders suds and rag to the aristocratic gentleman.

6:45 a. m. A dear little woman dressed as a working girl enters at Palais Royal a compartment of the *Métro* crowded with masons. A brawl arises when the gallant men, discovering her to be Selysette, all insist that she shall take their seat.

11 a. m. An obstruction is caused in the traffic on the Pont Neuf by a crowd gathered to applaud Selysette.

11:15 a. m. The President of the Republic leaves the Elysée with the avowed intention of unveiling the new statue of Ravillac on the Place Henri Quatre. He arrives an hour late for the ceremony, having first gone to the Buttes Chaumont to buy a red carnation from Selysette.

1 p. m. Selysette lunches by special appointment with Grand Duke Serge Tipsikissky Ivanovitch, arrived incognito this morning from Moscow. His Excellency leaves by the 2:10 for Kieff, as he does not wish to compromise the little woman.

6 p. m. Selysette rescues from the gutter the hat of Rosa Frou-Frou—rag doll, aged 7, belonging to Germaine Picard, aged 6. This is one of the many little episodes that make the name of Selysette so dear to all of us.

6 p. m. A man of tragic countenance hurls himself into the Seine from the Pont Alexandre III. His body has not been discovered, yet it is believed on sound authority that he was a diplomat of international fame. A cyclist who was passing at the moment vows that the unfortunate man mumbled the name of Selysette as he nerved himself for the plunge. A little later a woman is seen to lean over the parapet gazing into the water. The admirable Paris crowd, despite its perfectly comprehensible curiosity, forbears to press upon her, leaving her undisturbed to her sinister thoughts. Notwithstanding this regrettable episode we must rejoice that it was not our Selysette who committed suicide. Her loss would have left us inconsolable.

11 p. m. Marcel Rabiaut, aged eighteen, son of Philippe Rabiaut, undertaker, and of Yvonne Rabiaut, née Secotine, ballet dancer, is arrested to-night at the Gaité Montparnasse for molesting Selysette, engaged in serving bocks to soldiers.

11:35 p. m. An amusing incident occurs in the third act of the Meistersinger, given at the Grand Opera under the direction of the genial Felix Croquebouteille. At the moment of the great chorale, Selysette is discerned in the audience, adorably gowned in pink tonkinoise. With one

accord the musicians turn towards her, extolling with lyric fervor the glory of her charms.

This record must prove to you without the possibility of doubt that Selysette is no ordinary woman, but the first of those superwomen for whose coming I have tried in my humble way to prepare the world in the pages of my monumental work.

Deign to accept the expression of my distinguished homages.

ADOLPHE TURBOT, B.L.T.Z.K.

Post-Scriptum. I have still some copies of the first edition of my work, bound in snake skin, with which I might be induced to part at the modest rate of thirty-five francs a volume. A. T.

IV

A casual observer wandering about the Gare St. Lazare towards five o'clock on the twenty-seventh of June, 19—, would certainly have been interested in a small and remarkably well dressed group in the immediate vicinity of platform No. 22. It contained, indeed, a goodly number of the notabilities of Paris: Zephyr Dubonnet, Chief of Police, a little chubby man with a round face gazing rather wistfully at the toes of his patent leather boots; Simon Smith, tall, erect, vapid and dignified, England's Ambassador to France; Agathe d'Apremont, wife of the celebrated financier, by many considered the handsomest specimen of the female species in the metropolis; Linette Labrac, her witty friend; Marco Bombaso, Italian tenor, whose voluminous voice and malicious twinkle has wrought such havoc in the ranks of the fairer sex; finally, the very centre of the group, Don Pedro, Prince of Valladolid, Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Purple Rag, the wealthiest and puniest aristocrat in South America.

Of this distinguished group Don Pedro is the only one to show signs of annoyance and impatience. He cannot forget that his departure must rank as a defeat. For the first time in his life, gold has proven powerless to procure the

object of his desire. He will arrive at Valparaiso without Selysette. It also vexes him that Baron Rumpelheim has not come to see him off.

The whistle blows, the Prince prepares to mount into the train. As he ceremoniously bends over the hand of Agathe d'Apremont, he becomes conscious of a loud noise proceeding from the far side of the station. Agathe's hand drops limply to her side. The din grows nearer. All members of the distinguished company turn their heads. A large figure is seen bouncing down the platform. It is the Baron, wildly waving his beautiful top hat.

"Pardon me," he gasps to the distinguished company. Then to the Prince, in lowered voice: "Raymond has discovered her address."

Again the whistles blows. The Prince turns to the distinguished company, informing them of his intention to postpone his departure from the metropolis. Of the group Linette is the least polite, Simon Smith by far the most annoyed.

Prince and Baron leap into a taxi and are driven to the apartments of Filibert Raymond. Thence they proceed to that dark and sinister region of the capital, popularly termed *Egypt,* somewhere between Menilmontant and Vincennes.

In the middle of a lurid street where grovel thin, half-naked children, most of them with carroty hair, chalky faces and large, lustrous eyes, the taxi comes to an abrupt stop.

"Here," says Raymond, "we must get out and walk."

The three dudes enter a narrow lane climbing steeply between two rows of dilapidated and fever-stricken houses. Now and then a haggard woman's head is thrust out of a narrow window, and a curse is flung at them. Foul odors mount from the evil soil. They niggardly pick their way through heaps of garbage about which starved cats sniff and slink. As they turn a corner a carrot whizzes by the aristocratic ear of Don Pedro, Prince of Valladolid, flattening its rosy snout against some grimy wall.

"You will pardon me," Raymond is saying, "if I venture to give you some information regarding the rather ex-

ceptional person we are about to visit. Without doubt he is the subtlest and most creative poet the world has ever known. There is no one in France who does not know his work, yet you cannot, for all the gold in the world, purchase a volume of his verse."

"What is his name?" the Baron queries.

"Luc!"

"Luc what?"

"He has no other name."

"But what has he to do with Selysette?" demands the Prince. "Is he her lover?"

"He is her lover and her brother, her father and her mother, her master and her slave. I would counsel you to treat him tactfully as he alone has some influence over her. But I think we have arrived."

They have come to a stop before a house, neither more alluring nor more repulsive than its neighbors. The door is ajar and they step into a sombre little hall. Raymond lights a match and precedes them up five flights of steep, musty, wooden stairs. It grows lighter as they ascend. When they have reached the top landing Raymond knocks at a door, and, without waiting for an answer, ushers his guests into a room.

It is a small and shabby room, square in shape, with one window giving to the west through which the setting sun is flinging orange rays. In the middle of the glare a little clean-shaven man is sitting on a hard wooden chair. He is dressed in an ill-fitting suit of gray, probably bought off some wooden manikin outside a shop for less than thirty francs. When the aristocrats enter, he is engaged in paring a very small apple with a very long knife.

Luc rises awkwardly to his feet, smiling a little whimsically upon his guests.

"I thought you would never come!" he says in a singularly simple voice deprived of all accentuation. "I was so hungry that I could not wait for my dinner. Allow me to present you with a slice."

His offer is humorously rejected by the smiling Ray-

mond; the Baron blushes; the Prince has scarcely heard him.

"And where is Selysette?" Don Pedro cries.

"Selysette!" exclaims the little man, a faint light coming into his mild gray eyes. "Did you say Selysette? Why this is the home of Selysette. She was born in this room, gentlemen. Here is the chair she sits in. Here is the bed she sleeps in. There——" —he moves to the window—"is the sun that shines upon her. And her playground"—with a wide gesture towards the roofs of Paris—"is down there!"

"Monsieur," says the Prince, "I conjecture by the tone of your voice that you have no idea of the nature of the person who is addressing you. Probably Monsieur Raymond has thought it fit that you should not be enlightened. While thanking him for his laudable discretion, I wish you to understand that I intend to deal frankly with you. Be it known to you, therefore, that I am no other than Don Pedro Silvanez, Grandee of Spain, Prince of Valladolid, Knight of the Purple Rag.

"And now to the object of my visit.

"I have been made to understand that you exercise control over the person of Selysette. It is my desire to acquire that woman as a possession. You will be remunerated for any assistance you can give in this matter. I am listening to the statement of your terms."

Luc has listened attentively to the Prince's offer.

"The chief drawback I see in your plan," he murmurs thoughtfully, "is that Selysette may not wish to go. You see I have been so kind and generous to her. She has learnt, during these years, to lean upon me."

Don Pedro with difficulty restrains a smile.

"How can you doubt," he is saying as Luc pares another apple—"how can you doubt her wish to follow me as soon as she knows the wealth and position I am prepared to offer her? Poverty"—he throws a rapid glance around the room—"may, I suppose, act as a stimulus to genius. But is it fair to expect a beautiful woman, just because she may have some gratitude towards you, to be the partner of

your misery? Her restless vagabondage—excuse me if I offend you—shows that she is not satisfied at home. You, who are—I trust—her sincere friend, must deplore the shameful contingencies to which she may be driven. I am sure that there is nothing you desire more than to see her future settled and her happiness assured.

"By giving her to me you are in reality giving her all those luxuries which you must have known belonged to her by right. Never again will she have to sell flowers on the Buttes Chaumont to provide green apples for your dinner. Nor will she have to endure the ignominy of lunching with a Grand Duke of Russia. None but the richest and the noblest will be admitted to her table. She will be gowned by the most celebrated *couturières;* no jewels will be too expensive for her. In short, she will be treated in a manner befitting her position as the favorite of Don Pedro Silvanez, Prince of Valladolid, Grandee of Spain, Knight of the Purple Rag."

During Don Pedro's admirable speech the little poet has been gazing rather sheepishly around him.

"I suppose," he admits, "that this room does look a trifle shabby. Yet I assure you that Selysette has never made the least complaint. You see I have never refused her anything. You must have heard of her toilette at the Grand Prix. I am told that a certain Agathe d'Apremont, whose frocks are notorious in the fashionable world, waxed unbecomingly green with jealousy. If you will pardon my audacity, I will confess that I do not think that even you could have dressed her more sumptuously."

Don Pedro's recent eloquence has been such a strain to him that he has been unable to pay strict attention to the poet. He merely gathers that he has been haggling about terms.

"I can also," he pursues, "exert my influence on your behalf in literary circles. As a sign of my good-will I am prepared to purchase on the spot a complete edition of your works."

The kindly smile on Luc's face explodes quite unexpectedly into buoyant laughter.

"Raymond," he cries, "did you hear that? The Prince of Valladolid has offered to buy my works! As though I were a penny rhymester! As though I were one of those long-haired buffoons who make word patterns with ink on slips of paper." And then, turning towards the Prince with strange seriousness: "I am a poet, Don Pedro, not a scribbler. Language, with me, is reserved for the doubtful pastime of conversation. My poetry, born in my blood, nursed in my brain, needs no medium or intermediary. Ink, pen, paper, canvas, pigment, clay . . . I deem them all equally futile and superfluous. My thought, as soon as it is worthy of the name, grows into flesh. I hurl my poetry living, breathing, into the thick of the tawdry turmoil of humanity."

"Monsieur Luc," says the Prince, at last showing signs of impatience, "I think that we have discussed long enough. These are my terms: I guarantee the future of Selysette and offer you a hundred thousand pounds. Do you accept?"

"It is hardly my place to accept or refuse," says the little man who seems to have regained his mild composure. "I only fear that Selysette may not be willing."

"Produce her. Let her listen to my offer. I am willing to abide by her decision."

"I am afraid," continues Luc, looking simultaneously amused and perplexed, "that it is not within my power to accede to you request. You see, Selysette died quite recently."

"Died!" exclaims the Prince.

"Yes . . ." murmurs the poet dreamily. "I have just killed her."

V

Luc's confession of guilt is followed by an uncomfortable silence. The Prince rises to his feet, takes two steps in the direction of the poet, and is only deterred from violent action by the thought that his hands are too aristocratic to be the servants of the law. The room has become so dark that he cannot clearly see the faces of his companions. A soft snore proceeding from the furthest corner shows, however, that the tragic dénouement has been lost upon the

Baron; while the spark of Raymond's cigarette carelessly circling in the air suggests a deplorable lack of indignation on the part of the faultless dandy.

"I think," says Raymond a little later, "that we might light a candle."

The sudden flare awakens the Baron from his lethargy. The Prince crosses the room, informs him in a rapid whisper that the world has been deprived of Selysette.

"The Lord be praised!" cries the Baron, and goes to sleep again.

"It may interest you," the poet says, "to hear something about her life." And, without waiting for an answer, he starts in his simple voice:

"Selysette, like Galatea, came to life as a grown woman, in full possession of her strength and beauty. Unlike Galatea, she knew not the intermediary stage of marble. She sprang, tingling and quivering with life, from the poet's brain, as Pallas from the head of Zeus.

"It was a year ago that the God in me—or the devil in me (have it as you will)—murmured in dulcet tones: 'Create a woman. Do not worry about the color of her hair nor about the perfume of her soul; the essential is that she should find favor in men's eyes. Let each one see her as he wants to see her; the poet as his muse, the wailing infant as a fairy, the bootblack as a benign and smiling princess, the weary roué as a little shop girl.'

"I thought on her. She filled my waking and my sleeping hours. Dimly I felt her grow within me, a vague uncertain rapture. Then she took form and line and color. Suddenly, as a song, she sprang from me—sweet, beautiful and valiant, the richest flower of my brain, Selysette, my masterpiece, the masterpiece of poesy.

"I flung her, warm with the fever which had brought her forth, into the heart of Paris.

"There is little left to tell. Raymond introduced her to the smart set. You all know how she has been loved. You know the pretty flames she kindled in chill places, the lucent mirages she wrought in grimy deserts. She was the island

in the ocean, the fountain in the wilderness, the star that pencils the silhouette of dim desire.

"As long as men sought her for what she was, the symbol of their shifting hopes, I let her live. When a man was found who wished to buy her because she was a thing of fashion, I knew that the moment had come to slay her."

"You could not kill her!" cries Raymond with a strange enthusiasm for one so immaculately groomed. "You could create her, but you could not kill her. Selysette is immortal."

"She is immortal," answers Luc, "in the sense that she will always be as she has always been. I could not have fashioned her unless she had previously existed.

"Parts of her, you see, were scattered over all time and space. One woman had her smile, another had her eyes, one woman wore her hat, another wore her stockings. Cleopatra possessed some of her skilled coquetry, Imogen some of her sweet trust and strength, Juliet some of her pretty fervor. Women so different as Salome and Beatrice were filled with Selysette in their most electric moods. I caught these flying particles, robbed each of its distinctive perfume, crystallized them into a breathing phantom. For a while I let the breathing phantom walk about the world. Now I have taken her to myself again.

"To-morrow," adds Luc, after a pause, "all Paris will know that she is dead." And with an odd smile at Raymond: "You can invite the smart set to her funeral."

During the last words of the shabby little poet a flush has come over the yellow face of Don Pedro Silvanez, Grandee of Spain, Prince of Valladolid, Knight of the Purple Rag. A light comes into his humid eyes, he rubs his thin hands hands with satisfaction.

"Monsieur Luc," he says, "I have another offer to make, which you must consider final. I undertake to give you two hundred thousand pounds if all Paris knows by to-morrow morning that Selysette has killed herself for love of me."

THE INSIDIOUSNESS OF DEBT

SHIRLEY BURNS

THE taxicab meter has little on the grocery bill these days. You can almost see the price of canned goods go up while the czar of the groceteria hooks them off the top shelf and sets them down before you.

The easiest way to side-step the bill is to charge the goods. Many merchants prefer this. "I don't like a cash business," said a New York grocer, "because I have a high-class trade who pay their bills pretty regularly; they don't bother to itemize them and if my sales for the month don't come up to my expectations I add enough to their bills to make my profit what I think it ought to be. Only a few people kick on the addition and they are highly pleased when I make the correction."

Carelessness is in the air and the average American has at least one ear deaf to the thrift call. Speaking of this, another New York grocer related that during the rush hour one morning last October he had personally conducted a five-dollar ham into the limousine of a customer who immediately drove off with it. Later when it came time to make the charge he could not remember to whom he had sold it, so he asked the cashier to charge it to each of seven of his best customers —remarking that those who had not bought it would ask for the correction, leaving the payment to the right one.

On the 12th of November when the cashier was asked if she had found out who bought the ham she replied "No," but explained that five out of the seven had already paid for it.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York, recently called us a nation of economical illiterates and remarked that no sort of illiterates could be more dangerous to a republic. All economists are deeply concerned with the typhoon of waste and extravagance that is sweeping the country and many agree that—except the war, of course—it is the greatest peril that threatens the United

States today—particularly the working man and his family.

It is an old saying that money is the root of all evil. What really was meant is that lack of money is the root of all evil. Of course a cat can look at a king and the sunset belongs to no man, but most everything else in the world must be paid for.

The money madness of Americans is not that they make so much money but that they do not save it. Sealskin coats and brass beds are no longer luxuries and the average person in private life exercises about the same regard for thrift as the Washington senator who sent out to the clerk for a pearl-handled paper knife. The clerk, who had a small piece of his conscience left that he wanted to keep for a souvenir, sent back word that he could provide the knife but that the pearl-handled part was not on the list of perquisites. Whereupon the senator gentleman flew into a rage and bellowed back that if the clerk didn't give him that pearl-handled knife he'd whereas and wherefore him out of a job!

Every one who has ever owned a dog knows that luxury is an animal instinct. The dog may be as yellow as a two-year-old egg, but he will tire himself out racing around in the gutter and then sigh to rest him on the best silk pillow in the house. Being largely animal, man takes naturally to the soft things of life, and goes readily into debt for them when he can get them in no other way. This accounts for the fact that every seventh family in the United States owns an automobile, and pianolas and phonographs are as common as washboards.

Prosperous times for the working man always breed extravagance, waste, contraction of debt and over-extension of credit. Never before in the history of the country has it been possible to sign the dotted line for so many things at a dollar down and a dollar a week, and credit is not only asked—it is demanded. Fifty per cent. more is extended this year over that given two years ago.

It is often extended insidiously. The woman who opens the door of a store just to inquire the price of the handsome piano in the window and is met by an eagle-eyed salesman

who turns on a canned lecture if she is too polite to back out, has often written the first letter of her name on a contract for a few dollars down that she regrets before the ink is dry. There are business houses who keep track of teachers' appointments, and as soon as a name is discovered tied to a salary, a polite letter is sent asking the owner to open an account. The compliment itself often acts as the insidious means of getting into the habit of charging instead of paying cash—the first step toward over-buying, which is another word for extravagance.

A teacher with a $750 salary is allowed a buying power per month at one store fully equal to her credit responsibility; but there is no rule limiting her to one store—in fact one is a recommendation for another—so that if she wishes she can obtain credit at many stores to an aggregate of several thousand dollars on an income of $750.

One of the ablest economists in the country told me that insidious advertising has caused much of the present-day extravagance. The pulling power of an advertisement may be the index of its value, but some of them pull so hard they distort the judgment of the reader till the thirty cents in his pocket looks like thirty dollars in his mind, and he jumps joyfully on to the installment esculator only to land in the gloom of debt with everything mortgaged but the kitchen stove.

In right circumstances installment buying is not only a privilege but an economic grace. Many a happy family would not be in existence today had not the bride and groom who started it been able to feather their first nest by the aid of some reliable installment house. The dangers are for the thousands who are insidiously induced to become involved for things they cannot afford.

Some of these inducements are put forth with a knowledge of psychology and a disregard for truth as insidious as chloroform. An example is given by a woman who went into one of the largest music stores in Chicago for the purpose of renting a piano. Once in, it seemed impossible to get out of the clutches of the salesman who was what might

be called spiflicated with politeness. He finally convinced her that it was cheaper to buy than to rent. She didn't want to buy, but the salesman insisted upon the privilege of sending the piano to her home, assuring her that it meant no obligation on her part. To prove his word, he pointed with a flourish to the great age of the house and its reputation for reliability in the business world; showed her pictures of its immense factories and declared that the great wealth of the head of the firm had placed him above the thought of mere money. He was an idealist whose aim was to elevate the people—he wanted to place one of his fine pianos in every home, like Maggy Murphy's hand organ, to give the house a tone.

Having thus created the atmosphere of an afternoon tea, the salesman had no difficulty in receiving permission to send out the piano, but just as the woman was leaving the store he flashed a contract—a mere formality that she needn't stop to read. It entailed no obligation since he had given his word that she could return the instrument if it proved to be one of torture.

Soon after possessing it the woman discovered it was not a piano she cared to own and asked the house to take it back. This they flatly refused to do, referring her to the contract which she found was a steel-riveted chattel mortgage. They were not even interested. They had her name on the little dotted line and that was enough.

It happened that the lawyer to whom the woman took the case was also attorney for a prospective client about to close a contract for a hundred pianos from this manufacturer and it was only by threatening to cancel this order that the lawyer was able to free the woman.

Referring to the case afterwards the head of the firm said to a confidential friend: "I know it isn't right, but they all do it."

Of course they don't all do it, but this particular house considered it good business on the principle of a cut-rate dentist who was jamming down gold crowns in mouths without antiseptic preparation. A dentist of high standing, who

dropped in out of curiosity to watch him, asked, "How do you keep your patients and do that kind of work?"

"We don't keep them," said he, "we never get them but once."

But once is enough from insidious salesmen like the piano shark. The only safe way to keep from getting into debt to them is not to sign the dotted line at all.

The insidiousness of installment debt is its greatest danger. The dollar down is easy enough—it is the certainty of the following payments on an uncertain or interrupted income that causes the barricaded doors, cold feet, palpitation of the heart and consequent lowering of efficiency.

In the old days when the sewing-machine agent drove up in the buggy and left the machine for trial at no expense, there was little objection to giving it house room. But when he came around a few weeks later to take it away it had become a member of the family circle and the only way to keep it was to pay a small installment down. After that the housewife often sat up nights sewing to make money for the next payment and then the next. By the time she owned the machine it was out of date and she had to sit up more nights sewing to pay more installments on a later make with new patent appliances.

Soon after, other household goods were offered on the same terms until now life to millions of people is—to paraphrase a popular expression—just one damned installment after another.

There are other insidious ways of stepping into the quicksand of debt. The woman finds it out who goes into the Fifth avenue specialty shop and buys a thousand dollars' worth of clothes more than she can afford just because she hasn't the stamina to resist the soft persuasiveness of the clever salesgirl.

"What do you do with the salesgirl in a case like that?" I asked the head of one of these concerns. "Oh, we have to raise her salary because she's a good salesgirl," he smiled broadly, "that's the irony of it!" He could afford to smile—nothing seemed to be selling for less than $150. But there

are hundreds of dressmakers and tailors who can't afford these losses, and often they are unconsciously drawn into debt through too much faith in rich but inconsiderate customers.

One of the worst pests in the business world—a kind of human tick, because her name sticks so to the books—is the rich woman who can pay but won't. This class scorn the thought of filthy lucre even long enough to cancel their obligations, but do not scorn to eat and wear the things this same despised lucre buys. Thousands of business houses, great and small, are continually racking their brains to know how to handle these credit leaches.

The credit manager of one of New York's largest dry-goods stores said to me: "The rich woman buys her clothes from the dressmaker and then goes to Europe or Palm Beach and doesn't pay her bills for a year or a year and a half. The dressmaker is behind in the stores where she bought the materials and as a per cent. off is given her anyway, she is not a very profitable customer. If she is dunned, the rich woman imagines she is insulted, pays her bill and never goes to that store nor to that dressmaker again."

No, she goes somewhere else and causes trouble in a new quarter. If the tailor or dressmaker is working on small capital—and many of them are—the mental anguish caused by these long delayed payments often amounts to a crime. Bankruptcy and even death are not infrequent results There are, of course, bootlicking dressmakers who would rather worry till their skins look like a slab of pickled tripe over a bill owed them by some one in the Social Register than to have the considerate patronage of an obscure customer. No sympathy need be wasted on them, but that does not affect scores of others made to suffer through the negligence of rich women customers. Women who can pay but are flippantly or snobbishly indifferent to their obligations are a menace to the community in which they live—and they live all over the United States.

The big specialty shops can better afford to carry them, though the head of one of them said to me: "I hate the

credit system. I wish it could be abolished. The big stores encourage accounts, but how does the result act? If a merchant bought $400,000 worth of goods last month and sells $125,000 worth on credit of 30 to 60 days, he will have to go to the bank and pay interest on money in order to get his own cash discount.

"The wholesale houses keep close track of the retail houses and when they see their obligations are getting too large they cut down on the amount of credit they give that firm. Customers who are delinquent in paying their bills are causing an economic disturbance that may have far-reaching results. One of the heaviest mercantile failures in recent years was traced to this cause."

Modern commercial credit is an evolution of nearly six thousand years. The ideal system was originally intended for the convenience of the shopper who can afford to pay—and does pay—when the bill is rendered. Since then it has had some curious interpreters. Did you ever hear of the shopping spree? It is a common practice among certain women who have nothing better to do with their time. They go through a store like a hungry hen through a chicken run, picking up everything their fancy lights on, with instructions to "Charge and send." The next day they telephone the store to come and take the things back. When the shop finally shuts the woman off, she goes to another and repeats. It's an entertainment matinee performance that costs her nothing. She does not stop to consider that she is creating a debt for the store in delivery and bookkeeping.

Some one has described the credit system as a test of endurance which shows how far a retail business can run on the proceeds of a 160-acre farm. Any one who has put his life savings in a grocery store knows how easy it is to turn it into a family free-funch for a class of bomb-proof dead beats that haven't paid for anything since Fido's dog license was taken out. A rather recent evolution is a kind of Burbank species that operates under a pseudo conception of Christian Science. Their theory is that as everything in the world is good and pure, nothing but the best and purest is

fit for their own consumption whether they can afford it or not. So they eat the delicatessen man out of his shop to the tune of expensive phonograph records which they charge, and grind till they wheeze and the owner can't take them back.

A family of this kind who had lived in a New York hotel for several months without paying any rent—you've got to "hand it to them" for that—were confronted by the irate manager, who threatened to throw them out.

In the midst of his rage, a beautiful hand was raised and a soft voice said: "Mr. M., you are God's perfect child —you could do us no harm!"

The manager was so flabbergasted he didn't have breath enough left to finish his threat.

Of course, nothing succeeds like success, but at that, this class of refined "beats" are dangerous to the social welfare. They create debts for others to pay, and hostility to the religion they claim to embrace. They are not true Christian Scientists, who believe that it is "unscientific" to be in debt. Whatever that is.

This kind of indifference is like that of a sportsman who asked a friend to take a ride with him behind a team of high-bred horses.

"How do you happen to have this team?" asked the friend. "I thought you just went through bankruptcy."

"I did," said the man, "but the team and some of the other things went round."

Notwithstanding there are some irresponsibles of this sort, there are thousands of Americans who are such slaves to debt that the blessings of liberty in the Constitution of the United States mean nothing in their lives—they might as well be in Siberia. One city recently discovered 160,000 persons in the grip of a loan shark trust whose business amounts to $11,000,000 a year. The average easy-going, fair-minded citizen would scarcely imagine the fiendish extremes to which some of these loan sharks pursue their victims! Here is a case: A middle-aged man was suddenly obliged to raise $350 in order to save the life of a member of his family. He

had for years received a good salary, but a large family had always succeeded in using it up, so that there was nothing left for emergencies.

The only way he could get the cash was to put himself in the hands of a combination of loan sharks who provided the money, but tied him up tighter than the hide on a crocodile.

The result was that at the end of several years, he had paid them not only the original amount, $385, but over two thousand dollars more, and according to their system of computation he was still in their debt for almost another thousand! It was an endless chain, and the man was about to break under the load when his case came to the proper authorities, who pulled his lacerated affairs from the jaws of the sharks in time to save his health and mind.

Speaking of the dire consequences of the unbusinesslike way in which the average American runs his family financial affairs, Mr. Arthur J. Ham, director of the Division of Remedial Loans of the Russell Sage Foundation, said to me: "The lack of thrift in American families is the greatest obstacle to its health, efficiency, material welfare, intellectual advancement and recreation. In spite of its wasteful methods of living, the family usually manages to provide itself with the necessities, but when emergencies come there is nothing to meet them with and in that way they are called to the attention of the relief societies.

"Forming the habit of thrift is a difficult accomplishment for the average person and often the easiest way to get into it is by beginning with small sums or units. Saving coupons is a very good way—the discount token for cash that is given by some stores. A collection of little pieces of paper finally represents something of value and the habit of thrift has been formed. The United States Postal Savings system offers another good way for small savings. Any person 10 years old or over may open an account by depositing a dollar. After that amounts less than one dollar may be saved by purchasing postal savings cards and postal savings stamps at ten cents each. These accounts may be opened by mail, and

deposits sent by money order or registered letter. This brings the postal savings facilities within the reach of every person in the United States. Deposits are limited to $100 a month and no one can have more than $500 to his credit.

"In order to practise thrift many a man requires an agency for receiving his deposits whose hours conform to his convenience, and to which he is not ashamed to bring a dollar, fifty cents or a quarter; one which will constantly remind him of his resolution to save and will extend credit to him upon easy terms of repayment, secured solely by his character and personal worth. This agency is supplied by the Credit Union.

"Character, capability and capital are the tests on which banking credit depends, and the needy wage earner regardless of his unassailable honesty, sobriety and industry is insolvent and so cannot qualify. Here the Credit Union comes to his rescue: it is a co-operative loan society among persons having some common bond of interest. It may be a neighborhood, employment by the same establishment, membership in the same church, club, lodge, labor union or other organization. The community of interest enables the credit union to loan with safety upon character alone, for the moral responsibility of repayment is great when a man knows that by violating his obligation he not only withholds the money of a fellow-worker but invites social ostracism. Loans are commonly made for not more than one year and are repaid in weekly installments determined in each instance by the credit committee in conference with the borrower.

"The number of credit unions in existence throughout the world at the outbreak of the European war was more than sixty-five thousand, with a membership of fifteen million people and an annual business amounting to seven billions of dollars.

"It is most important that co-operative loan and savings associations should be widespread, for in co-operative banking lies a source of enrichment not only of material wealth but of character and the education of a common man to the management and investment of a common trust."

ARE TRADING STAMPS A FRAUD?

David Shelton Kennedy

THE buying public of the United States pays $150,000,000 a year into the pockets of the coupon, premium, and trading stamp companies for a merchandising scheme that is worthless to the consumer and forms an added item in the high cost of living.

Purchasers are deluded into believing that when they receive premium merchandise over the counter they are obtaining something for nothing. This explains the popularity of the scheme. The coupon companies must conceal the method by which they extract profits from the consumer. But *instead of receiving gratis the articles which the premium companies so generously hand out in exchange for the coupon slips, the buyer actually pays for them more than twice what they would cost if purchased for cash at the nearest grocery or department store.* More than five billion dollars worth of goods is sold each year in company with trading stamps and coupons.

The retail merchant uses the coupons and trading stamps because he has been led to believe that they will increase his profits, or because he has been forced to adopt them to meet the competition of a neighbor who is using the plan. No greater fallacy ever existed than to think that the coupon system is of permanent value to merchandising. *The scheme fastens itself upon business like a drug habit. The first effect is stimulating, but it gradually saps away the life blood of trade.* The merchant is usually well within the grip of the premium companies before he discovers the truth, that his operating costs have increased and that he derives no profits from the premium scheme. In the long run, the only beneficiaries of the coupon plan are the great distributing companies which maintain costly offices and employ high-salaried officials. Directed by keen brains and executive ability the coupon has worked its way into the very heart of retail trade.

The coupon is an interloper in the field of business, posing as an advertiser while actually it does not advertise, giving to the purchaser a gift for which he pays twice over, and meanwhile reaping dividends for the stockholders of the premium companies.

Premium certificates with a one-cent valuation form apparently a small item when compared with each purchase. Their menace lies in the fact that their evil effect is so insidious as to be overlooked. Every business man knows that one or two per cent frequently means the difference between loss and profit. To a family the same percentage often means the difference between spending the entire annual income or putting money in the bank. The coupons constitute an important element in the growing structure of living expenses when

it is recalled that they amount to about four per cent of yearly expenditures for living necessities.

Let me quote some comparisons to show more clearly the importance of the coupon business. *The $150,000,000 annually spent for coupons is more than one-fourth of the capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation,* the greatest private employer of labor in the world.

That *the coupon is unnecessary to business* is not a mere assertion. The fact has been proved. *The successful operation of the Economy Stores has demonstrated it.* By eliminating coupons and trading stamps, delivery service, and other features which are considered wasteful in neighborhood stores, they have been able to run their trade at 10 to 15 per cent less than other stores.

Practically, *the entire body of economic experts of the country opposes the coupon system.* Almost without exception, organizations of retail and wholesale merchants are against the plan. Then, someone may ask, *why does the system persist?* The answer is that like so many other fallacies of finance and economics, the *buying public does not think straight* or, thinking straight, does not act as it ought to act.

Large corporations with heavy capitalization are operating in all parts of the country. One corporation has been in business for eighteen years. It has 600 stores of its own and supplies stamps to more than 30,000 merchants and manufacturers. The collectors of its premiums over the United States number 10,000,000 people. *It pays 6 per cent annually on $1,250,000 stock, has piled up a great surplus,* besides paying out large salaries to its employes and officials of the 600 stores which compete with retail merchants. Another rich concern has assets of $3,905,000 and is one of the strongest companies of its kind in the country. Its wealth is derived from the profits of the coupon trade, and represents part of the surplus values the consumer pays for "free" gifts.

We do not have to depend upon guesswork for figures as to the remarkable expansion of the coupon industry in the last twenty-five years. One firm has had a report published. The figures tell the tale. *It is estimated that more than half of the 20,000,000 families in the United States have at least one stamp collector in the group.* This may be a servant, one of the children, or the mother. It is significant that very few business men save coupons. To test the prevalence of the habit, trained investigators have made a careful house-to-house canvass. They visited 13,672 homes. Of this number 1,974 were reported not at home. Coupons were being collected by 5,671. They were not being collected by 5,144. In Scranton the average was 55 per cent in favor of collecting. In Columbus the ave

was 37 per cent. In Cincinnati the average was 70 per cent. This is the story about the consumer or buyer. Here are the facts as to the merchants. It was found that 64,840 retail stores were using this method of stimulating their sales, regardless of its after effects. Pennsylvania led the list with 13,000. New York was second with 11,500. At present New York City leads all the rest as a rich field for the predatory coupon companies. With aggressive policies and scientific methods, the premium corporations have built up a vast industry which has no inherent merit to justify such a growth.

Alluring advertisements are used to entice the purchasing public to give preference to goods bearing premium slips. Some of these are so grossly overdrawn as to be amusing. One recently placed on the market carries the picture of a speeding express and a palatial liner. The workingman is urged to save his coupons and thereby win a summer vacation in Europe or at a seaside resort. Managers of the large retail stores say that every consignment of goods brings a flood of new premium slips. Coupon corporations are still obsessed with the idea that the public believes in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

To press my point home, let me give another illustration. The consumer may not be convinced. One of the largest department stores in New York City, whose name is known in every cottage in the country, has recently completed an investigation to test the worth of the coupon plan. This store has been certain that the plan is uneconomic and has discarded it, but facts and figures were wanted.

The test was made impartially. This concern spent $62.50 in buying 25 or 30 articles from a store which distributes coupons to its customers. Advantage was taken of the periods of the day when the greatest values were given in premium slips, as it is the custom to award extra coupons in the morning to stimulate trade then. Premium slips collected in this manner equaled the value usually obtained with the purchase of $100 worth of merchandise. The coupons, when redeemed, secured one dozen spoons valued at retail at two dollars. Thus the store making the investigation obtained goods worth $64.50 at an expenditure of $62.50. *But it was dicovered that the same articles, manufactured by the same companies, could be bought in their own store for $56.35,* making a saving for the purchaser of more than four dollars in the store which did not give the coupons.

It is significant that of the two stores involved in this investigation, the one which gave coupons later went into bankruptcy, while the other is one of the strongest in New York. Of the seven largest stores in the city which have gone into the hands of receivers in the last three years, all were consistent and enthusiastic users of the coupon plan.

The result of the inquiry shows that not only does the consumer

lose through the coupon system, but the store itself is steadily drained of its profits. *Only the coupon corporations, playing both ends against the midde, win.*

A well-known Chicago grocer has analysed the coupon system on the basis of the economics of merchandising. He has concluded that it is one of the grossest frauds that ever paraded under the guise of respectability. The retail grocer, he said, charges the buyer approximately 20 per cent over the cost of the merchandise he sells. Of this amount 17 or 18 per cent is used up in the cost of operation, leaving from two to three per cent profit on each transaction. If the merchant turns over his stock five times during a year he makes a profit of from 10 to 15 per cent on his business. On the contrary, if he adds to the cost of operation the two or three per cent which the coupons cost him, he must suffer the loss of his profits altogether or increase his charge to the customer.

The coupon corporations make the claim, with some truth, that the use of the plan will add considerably to the business of a concern in the course of a year. But they refuse to mention the fact that this additional trade is gained through a cost for coupons that exceeds the profits from the new business. They also conceal carefully that as soon as the merchant's competitors are forced to adopt the system the value of the coupon becomes nothing, and the net result is an increase in the cost of doing business.

Take the case of a large Chicago house which had an annual trade of $10,000,000, which made a profit of ten per cent or $1,000,000 a year. An able agent of the coupon plan persuaded the merchant that the use of the scheme would increase his business by $2,000,000 a year, a substantial expansion. He tried it, and found at the end of the year that he had succeeded in his expectation. His turnover had increased to $12,000,000. But being a man of careful bookkeeping, he made a further startling discovery. *He found that the cost of his coupons, at two per cent, was $240,000 for the year. His ten per cent profits on the additional business was $200,000, making a clear loss on the transaction of $40,000.* The alternative in this case was to abandon the use of coupons or to increase the cost to his customers. It was practically impossible to give up the use of coupons. His trade had become accustomed to the "something for nothing" idea.

As I have mentioned before, the coupon plan is a fraud upon the consumer in another important way. *Not only does the buyer pay in full for the nominal value of his gift, but he actually pays about twice the amount for which he could purchase the article over the counter.* Consider the following. A clock estimated to be worth seven dollars in the catalogue of a certain company can be purchased for $3.50 in a jeweler's shop. Other instances might be given by the score. From

this angle it appears that the coupon system is the means of selling $150,000,000 worth of merchandise annually at double prices. The retail merchants and the buyers are not the ones who reap the benefits.

There is one weak spot in the armor of the coupon companies. It would be surprising if in an elaborate plan for fleecing the public painlessly, there was not one flaw. Catalogues offer as gifts certain razors, shaving soaps, and other articles which sell at fixed prices all over the country. They state that a five-dollar razor can be bought for 250 certificates. At many small shops in the larger cities, certificates are sold at the rate of 100 for $1.00. This makes it possible to buy the razor at an expenditure of cash of slightly more than one-half of its advertised value. It is needless to say that the coupon companies, getting their goods at considerably less than one-half the advertised price, do not lose money in the trade.

When the general public becomes more fully aware of this fact, an embarrassing question is likely to arise for the price maintenance concerns, who are now before Congress with a plea for legislation which will allow them to maintain their fixed prices. *What can the manufacturer reply, when it is pointed out that the premium companies can sell his product at one-half of the price of his retail article?*

An additional feature of the coupon system, which gives uncalculated profits to the companies, is the failure of customers to redeem their certificates. This is counted upon by the premium companies. It swells their income at the expense of the public. When it is remembered that the purchaser pays for his gifts twice over, even when redeeming all the slips, it is readily apparent that the companies reap enormous profits when a large proportion of the certificates drift into the waste basket or the fire. One company has said that only 40 or 50 per cent of its premium value coupons are redeemed, but that 98 per cent of its cash value certificates are collected. Estimates of coupon companies show that 80 per cent of all certificates are presented for payment in New York, the best field in the country. About 75 to 90 per cent of soap wrappers are redeemed each year. The fact that cash value coupons are redeemed to a larger extent than others has led several states to pass laws making it illegal to distribute a coupon without a cash redemption value stamped on its face. Coupon companies have done this with bad grace, as they garner a great harvest from the manipulation of premium values. They cannot vary the worth of the American dollar. Moreover the time and effort involved in collecting slips for a particular premium discourage many purchasers from making the attempt. They throw the slips away. Meanwhile the cost of living mounts each year.

The courts and the legislatures have been the arena for bitter fights for coupon issues. About half the states have passed laws pro-

hibiting the use of coupons or providing taxes so burdensome that the concerns would be unable to operate. Almost without exception the keen legal talent employed by the premium interests has succeeded in overthrowing all such laws in the courts. One of the arguments most frequently advanced in the past was that acts of this nature were in direct violation of the amendment to the Federal Constitution saying that no person should be deprived of property without due process of law, the term "person" including individuals and corporations. For years the coupon companies were able to maintain the view that legislation against coupons contravened this section. In a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court this argument is held to be invalid. The opinion was handed down on March 6, 1916, and as a result the coupon interests have lost one of their strongest bulwarks. Within the limits of each state, however, the state constitutions are supreme on local laws and the fight has merely been confined to more narrow limits.

In late years the retail merchants have become less gullible. They are now carrying one of the keenest fights ever seen in the field of merchandising. The dealers of a certain Kentucky city have planned a method of attack which may prove to be one of the most effective methods of combating the coupon evil. Several of the large retailers have incorporated the Co-Operative Trading Stamp Company. Their purpose is to eliminate the profits which have formerly gone to the coupon companies and to divert this sum to themselves. Under this plan, only the consumer, who insists upon the scheme, will bear any loss. Two ends are sought: to reduce their outlay for stamps, and to make other savings which are expected through reduced exemption losses. The retailers promoting the company have long felt that the cost of the premium device has been too great. They are opposed to the trading stamp as an institution, and have in mind the possibility that when they have the trade entirely in their own hands they may be able to abolish it without fear of the Sherman law.

The plan of these merchants to throw off the tyranny of the trading stamp companies is new and interesting. The corporation was formed in April of this year and accordingly its success cannot be determined as yet. Some of the contracting merchants cannot join the movement until present agreements with the stamp companies expire. If the experiment is successful, it means a long step forward for the retail merchants in raising the standard of merchandising.